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THE JOURNEY OF
LEWIS DAVID VON SCHWEINITZ
to
GOSHEN, BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY
in 1831

Translated By
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Indiana Historical
Society Publications
Volume 8
Number 5

INDIANAPOLIS
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY
1927

The Wm. Mitchell Printing Co.,
Greenfield, Indiana

INTRODUCTION

THE report which Lewis David von Schweinitz¹ made to the Provincial Helpers' Conference of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem,² Pennsylvania, of his journey in 1831 to Indiana and return to Bethlehem by way of Gnadenhutten and Sharon, Ohio, presents many points of interest. It gives an interesting chapter in the development of the Moravian Church in the United States, and an accurate account of the methods and conditions of travel between northeastern Pennsylvania and central Indiana. It throws light upon pioneer conditions in southern Indiana, and contains a vivid picture of an early settlement. It also includes notes of value made by a scientific botanist upon the flora of Indiana.

Lewis David von Schweinitz was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1780. His father, John Christian Alexander von Schweinitz,³ was of an ancient and distinguished family of Silesia and his mother was a granddaughter of Count Zinzen-dorf. Both were devoted workers in the Moravian Church and served in Pennsylvania from 1770 up to the close of the

¹The German form of the name is Ludwig David von Schweinitz. In America the French form, "de Schweinitz," is as commonly used as the German, "von Schweinitz." In the letter to Martin Hauser in which a visit to Goshen is proposed, the signature is "De Schweinitz." His first name is sometimes spelled "Louis."

²Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on the Lehigh River, a name which is a modified form of the Indian "Lechai" or "Lechi," was the chief Moravian settlement in the United States, planted in 1741. A great many of the Moravian missionaries went out from this place. When two provinces of the Moravian Church were organized, Bethlehem remained the headquarters of the northern province; Salem, later Winston-Salem, North Carolina, being the headquarters of the southern province.

³Von Schweinitz, Rev. Paul D., "German Moravian Settlements in Pennsylvania. 1735-1800," *The Pennsylvania-German Society Proceedings*, vol. IV, p. 72 (Published by the Society, 1894).

century without compensation other than a house to live in.

Von Schweinitz received his early education at Nazareth Hall,⁴ the Moravian meeting-house and school at Nazareth, Pennsylvania; while preparing for the ministry, he was also a great student of science, particularly of cryptogamic botany. In 1798 he went to Germany with his father and the rest of his family for the purpose of fuller classical and theological training at Niesky in Upper Lusatia.⁵ There he devoted his leisure hours to the study of fungi. In recognition of a paper which he prepared on the species of the order found around Niesky, published at Leipsic in conjunction with Professor Albertini, the degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Kiel.

In 1812 he was called to Salem, North Carolina, to take charge of the property of the Moravian Church.⁶ In December, 1821 he was transferred to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, as minister and principal of the school for girls. The following year he became administrator of church property.

In 1822 his great work, *A Synopsis of the Fungi of North America*, was presented to the American Philosophical

⁴“At Nazareth, nine English Miles to the north of Bethlehem, there is built a roomy Meeting-hall called *Nazareth-hall*, in which the Brethren’s Congregation which lives round about Nazareth in different places, *Gnadenthal* and *Christian’s Spring*, has their divine Service on Sundays & festival Days. At Nazareth-hall there is also the Paedagogium of the Unity of the Brethren in America. Last year [1771] the building of a new Congregation Place near the Meeting-hall was begun.” Spangenberg, Bishop August Gottlieb, “A Short Historical Account about the Present Constitution of the Protestant Unity of the Brethren of the Augustan Confession” (1772), translated by Bagge, Traugott (1778), in Fries, Adelaide L. (ed.), *Records of the Moravians in North Carolina*, vol. III, p. 1986 (Raleigh, 1926).

⁵“Niesky, also in Upper Lusatia, [Electorate of Saxony] Germany on the *Manor of Trebus*, 12 miles from Görlitz. It was begun to be built in 1742, by exiles from Bohemia. Here is at present the Paedagogium of the protestant Unity of the Brethren.” *Ibid.*, p. 981.

⁶Von Schweinitz’ account of his journey to Salem from June 4 to September 16, in the opening days of the War of 1812, is being printed at Herrnhut, Saxony, Germany, with omissions and some changes of style. It will be published under the title, “*Über Weltmeer*.” Salem, now part of the important city of Winston-Salem, Forsyth County, North Carolina, was and still is an important Moravian center. According to Bishop Spangenberg (*op. cit.*, p. 988), it was founded in 1766.

Society of Philadelphia. In this he enumerated 3,098 different species, including 1,203 new to science.⁷ During the same period he also prepared his *Monograph of the Carices of North America*, which was accepted and published by the New York Lyceum of Natural History.⁸ As a scientist, von Schweinitz was further honored by having his name embodied in a genus of flowering plants of the heath family, *Schweinitzia*, represented by a brace of rare species, one of them at home in the mountains of the Carolinas and the other in Florida.

Twice, in 1818 and in 1825, von Schweinitz was sent as delegate to the Synod at Herrnhut,⁹ Saxony, Germany, and on the latter occasion he was ordained "Senior Civilis."¹⁰ Like his parents, he was always a devoted worker in the Moravian Church and was most conscientious in the discharge of his ministerial and financial duties.

In 1830 his health began to fail. His journey through Indiana made only a temporary improvement. He died February 8, 1834.¹¹

⁷The Library of Congress catalog gives the following title: *Synopsis fungorum Carolinae superioris secundum observationes Ludovici Davidis de Schweinitz*—Ed. a D. F. Schwaegrichen, 1822 (E Commentarii, Societatis naturae curiosorum lipsiensis excerpta).

⁸This was placed in the hands of Dr. John Torrey for publication, since von Schweinitz was called to Germany. He therefore insisted that the paper appear as a joint production, in recognition of the editing and a few additions made by Dr. Torrey. The Library of Congress Catalog gives: *The Correspondence of Schweinitz and Torrey*, ed. by C. L. Shear and Neil E. Stevens (New York, The Club, 1921).

⁹"*Herrnhuth*, in *Upper Lusatia*, on the high road that leads from Lobau to Zittau, on the *Manor of Berthelsdorf*, formerly the estate of Count Zinzendorf, now of Baron de Watteville. This place was begun to build in 1722, and the Congregation has in process of time been confirmed in its Regulations by Privileges from the Elector." Spangenberg, *op. cit.*, p. 981.

¹⁰The duties of the *Seniores civiles* were to inspect the decorum of the respective congregations and their observation of the national laws, and when necessary, to prevent any infringement of the rights and privileges granted them by the government. These officers, appointed and blessed by central church authorities, ranked between bishops and the presbyters.

¹¹This sketch is based upon the notes of Dr. Adolf Gerber, the translator of the following report, upon Porter, Rev. Thomas C., "The Pennsylvania-German in the Field of the Natural Sciences." *The Pennsylvania-German Society Proceedings*, vol. VI, pp. 30-33 (Pub-

The congregation of United Brethren or Moravians at Hope (Goshen) which was the objective of Lewis David von Schweinitz, was formed by Martin Hauser and other settlers from Salem, North Carolina, about fourteen miles east of Columbus, Indiana. Von Schweinitz, as a member of the Provincial Church Board at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1830, advanced \$200 for the establishment of a church by these settlers. A rude log church was built and the first services in it were held on June 17, but the formal organization of the church awaited von Schweinitz' visit the following year. Martin Hauser was ordained to the ministry at Bethlehem in 1833, and became the first settled pastor. The church has maintained its identity and its activities down to the present time.¹²

When the settlers sought to obtain a post-office, the name, Goshen, which had been applied to the settlement itself was found to be duplicated in Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana. Accordingly the post-office was given the new name, Hope, which it has retained to the present. The post-office of Hope was established February 8, 1834, with Martin Hauser as its first postmaster.¹³

For information about the relation of the North Carolina churches to those in Indiana, and the movement from the former to the latter, we are indebted to Miss Adelaide L. Fries, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, archivist of the Moravian Church in America, Southern Province. Miss Fries is a granddaughter of Lewis David von Schweinitz. She writes that a large loss of membership in North Carolina began about 1818, and assumes that much of it was due to the

lished by the Society, 1896), and upon Hamilton, J. Taylor, *History of the Moravian Church*, pp. 357-61 (*Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society*, vol. VI, Bethlehem, Pa., 1900). The latter contains a full-page portrait of von Schweinitz, p. 361.

¹²"The Moravian Church of Hope," in *History of Bartholomew County, Indiana*, pp. 527-34 (Chicago, 1888); manuscript diaries of Martin Hauser and Sandford A. Rominger; manuscript church records at Hope. Photostats of the diary and reminiscences of Martin Hauser and of many of the church records are in the Indiana State Library. Early traditions of the church are unusually well preserved. Its Easter services draw many hundreds of visitors.

¹³Record of Indiana post-offices, Indiana State Library.

western movement. However, there is little definite information in the records at Salem prior to 1829, when the Provincial Elders' Conference gave official sanction to the Hope movement.

Miss Fries's translation of extracts from the minutes of the Provincial Elders' Conference, Salem, North Carolina, gives the background of the Indiana settlement:

Sept. 8, 1829. Some of our former neighbors have moved from this part of the country to the State of Indiana, whither our Br. and Sr. Martin Hauser,—who have been living outside Salem, N. C.—plan to go shortly. On his visit there last year Br. Hauser found his brother and certain others who belong to the Unity, who live near together, who desire a spiritual association, and greatly desire that they may be provided with a Brother belonging to the Unity who can serve them as pastor or preacher as soon as a sufficient number of them have associated themselves together. There is a prospect that the establishing of a Country Congregation there would be of service to that neighborhood and others for the kingdom of Christ. Br. Martin Hauser has taken up the matter with Br. von Schweinitz [of Bethlehem, Pa.] offering to take up a Quarter Section,—160 acres,—in the name of von Schweinitz; thinking that the land can be used for the support of a minister there, where money is likely to be scarce. Br. von Schweinitz approved the plan, especially as the land is fertile and cheap, that is \$1.25 per acre. Br. von Schweinitz has given Br. Martin Hauser a written statement of his thoughts and views, and has recommended the plan to this P[rovincial] E[lders'] C[onference], suggesting that the money be raised through private subscription or through an advance from the Administration here, in order that those who are seeking the preaching of the Gospel may be helped if possible.

As the carrying out of this recommended plan could be more easily accomplished by the Bethlehem P. E. C. than from here, it seems to us that for the present it will be best to advise that they do it. But as a preparation it is very necessary that some one shall receive a preliminary commission to serve as leader for the souls who are hungry for salvation, to visit them, hold meetings for reading, exhortation and prayer, as Br. Martin Hauser has set forth to this P. E. C.; and it seems to us that this Brother is himself fitted to act in this capacity, for we understand his position in the matter, and he has been successful in work of the same sort among awakened souls in this neighborhood. We therefore believe ourselves to be able to give him a written Call, and in order to avoid trouble we will also give him a letter of instructions, under which he can act. Br. Bechler will draw up the letter.

Dec. 14, 1830. The families who have moved from this neighborhood to Indiana are very anxious to have a Country Congregation established, and to have it served by an ordained minister of the Unity of Brethren [Unitas Fratrum or Moravian Church]. Br. Martin Hauser has made this wish known to the Pennsylvania P. E. C., and has asked whether the matter ought to be presented to that P. E. C. or to this one. In his last letter Br. Anders has asked Br. Bechler for a speedy expression of the thoughts of this Conference in this matter, and especially whether the families who have moved thither should be

counted as belonging to the northern P. E. C. or to ours, for advice and direction. After again considering the matter we think on the one hand, as we did before, that while there is not much difference in the distance from here or from Bethlehem to Indiana, yet the postal facilities are better and the transportation cheaper from Pennsylvania, and so it would be better to have the work supervised from there. On the other hand it must be remembered that those who have moved thither are all North Carolinians, for whom it would be dear and interesting to maintain the connection with us and with their friends here, and they would always prefer to have teachers from here who were accustomed to the same customs, manner of living, and church observances, as they have already said, and they have suggested several Brethren. Moreover the success of the undertaking there demands that the Minister, along with other necessary qualifications, must be a good business man, and it seems hardly likely that such a man can be found in Pennsylvania. All of this argues on the other side. In order not to decide in too much haste, but to look ahead and consider the matter well, Br. Bechler will send these our thoughts to Br. Anders for the P. E. C. there, in order that each may learn the opinion of the other before the matter is closed.

Sept. 23, 1839. As collections of various kinds are often taken up in our town we cannot interfere with the efforts of Br. Jacob Schulz—who has recently returned from a visit to Indiana,—to secure private contributions toward the erection of a plain meeting house in Hendrix [Hendricks] County, Indiana. Some of our neighbors have moved thither, and are too far from Hope, although Br. Martin Hauser has visited them several times a year. Br. Philips has given two acres of land as a site for the house, and for a Graveyard, for those who live there.

May 4, 1840. Some time ago Br. Martin Hauser asked the local P. E. C. for permission to send his two youngest daughters to school here, where he has many friends. The request came through the P. E. C. in Bethlehem, in which Province he is working as a minister. The answer has been sent that in view of his former service here the daughters will each be allowed \$50.00 a year, and Br. Hauser himself must pay the balance. Br. Van Vleck will write to Br. Hauser that we will take his daughters on these conditions, if place can be found for them in the town, for the boarding school is full.

Sept. 25, 1840. A letter from Br. Martin Hauser at Hope, Indiana, states that he plans to visit here in October, with his six children, bringing his two youngest daughters to the school here.

May 8, 1841. The question arises regarding Brethren from Wachovia who have moved to Illinois:—would it not be worth the trouble to do as was done in Hope, Indiana, and have the Unity buy some Sections of land, and its value would soon double, and it would provide place for the building of a school house, and other buildings? Our idea is that there would be no objection to the buying of some Sections of land if that were all there would be to it. So long as those settlers were satisfied with their own services it would be all right; but soon they would ask for Brethren who could administer the Sacraments, and then they would want a stationed minister, which would bring with it heavy expense and many difficulties, as has been the case at Hope.

As Br. Van Vleck is writing to Br. Benade he shall do well, perhaps, to mention our thoughts about the Illinois matter, and he might ask whether the P. E. C. there would be willing to instruct Br. Martin

Hauser to extend his Diaspora journeys to Edwards County, Ill., that he might visit the settlers from Wachovia, and that they would take further consideration of this matter into their hands.

June 25, 1841. Two letters have been received from Br. Benade. The P. E. C. in Bethlehem have considered the matter of the settlers in Edwards County, Ill., will send either Br. Ebermann or Hauser there on a visit, and will buy several lots of land.¹⁴

The manuscript journal of Lewis David von Schweinitz' trip to Indiana of which a translation is here presented is in the Archiv der Brüder-Unitat in Herrnhut, Saxony.¹⁵ It was brought to the attention of the Indiana Historical Society by Dr. Adolf Gerber, formerly of Earlham College, who has supplied a copy of the original German text as well as the English translation.¹⁶ Dr. Gerber states that von Schweinitz completed his report in August, 1831, a month after his journey, and that it or a copy of it was sent from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to Herrnhut. The manuscript in the archives of the United Brethren at Herrnhut has marginal corrections and bears the annotations, "ausgefertigt L. v. Stz Sept. 32" (submitted by Lewis von Schweinitz, September, 1832), and "zum 2t. mal ausgearbeitet Dec. 1833, L. v. s." (worked over again December, 1833 L. v. S.). This latter annotation refers, according to Dr. Gerber, to an abridgment of the report, which was submitted to the Unity's Elders' Conference and printed in the *Gemein Nachrichten*¹⁷ in January, 1833. In the present translation marginal corrections on the manuscript are incorporated in the text.

The translation furnished by Dr. Gerber has been modified in the interest of fluency. No attempt has been made to follow the paragraphs, and lack of paragraphing, in the original manuscript. Notes have been supplied by Dr. Gerber,

¹⁴The *Memorabilia* of 1849, in the appended statistics, notes that "New Salem, Ill. has 95 communicants."

¹⁵The manuscript is numbered R. 14. A. 36 No. 37.

¹⁶The copy of the original German text is in the possession of the Indiana State Library.

¹⁷The *Gemein Nachrichten* were communications from the Unity's Elders' Conference in Germany which kept the provinces informed of the activities of the General Synod and all other church concerns. A package of *Nachrichten* was received with great stir and excitement in the early settlements, where they were read before a large gathering of the brethren.

George Pence, of Columbus, Irma Ulrich, of the State Historical Bureau, and myself. Modern botanical terms have been supplied by Charles C. Deam, state forester of Indiana. For financial contributions toward this publication we are indebted to Charles C. Deam, of Bluffton, and William G. Irwin, of Columbus. The preparation of the manuscript for the press has been for the most part in charge of Irma Ulrich.

CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN,
Secretary, Indiana Historical Society

THE JOURNEY OF LEWIS DAVID VON SCHWEINITZ
FROM BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA, TO
GOSHEN, INDIANA, IN 1831

REPORT

OF A journey undertaken, for the restoration of his health, by Brother Lewis David von Schweinitz, accompanied by Brother Eugene Alexander Frueauf,¹ on behalf of the Provincial Helpers' Conference,² for the purpose of visiting the congregation who recently settled in Goshen,³ Bartholomew County, Indiana, from North Carolina, and also our two congregations at Gnadenhuetten⁴ and Sharon,⁵ Ohio. This journey extended from May 31 to July, 1831.

¹Frueauf was a nephew of von Schweinitz. In 1856 he was appointed administrator of general church finances, and in 1864 he was elected by Synod as a member of the Board of Visitors, created at that time as an advisory council to the Provincial Elders' Council in all concerns of the college and theological seminary. He was later principal of Linden Hall Seminary, at Lititz, Pennsylvania. Hamilton, *History of the Moravian Church*, pp. 407, 447, 485.

²The congregation at Hope, Indiana, belonged to the northern province whose headquarters were at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The Provincial Helpers' Conferences were created at the 18th General Synod at Marienborn, in 1769, to govern the subordinate branches of the British and American provinces. They were appointed by and responsible to the Unity's Elders' Conference and not to the congregations whose general interests they superintended. After 1848 the Provincial Helpers' Conference was made responsible to the American Provincial Synod, when that body was given authority to convene itself at stated intervals. *American Church History Series*, vol. VIII, pp. 468, 489 (New York, 1894).

³Now the town of Hope. See Introduction.

⁴Now spelled Gnadenhutten, in Tuscarawas County.

⁵Sharon was founded in 1815 through the efforts of Jacob Blickensderfer.

[THE JOURNEY TO MADISON, INDIANA]

At the urgent request of our brethren and sisters from North Carolina who are settling in Bartholomew County, Indiana, to the Provincial Helpers' Conference that, during the course of the summer, they might be encouraged by the visit of an ordained brother, the most necessary institutions be established among them, and the holy sacraments administered, we promised them to see that this was done.⁶

As it was thought that an extended journey, which the dear brethren urged upon me, would aid in the restoration of my long-impaired health, and since I would have to take such a journey this spring or summer, anyway, it seemed proper to give it this direction, so that at the same time the above promise might be fulfilled and the Conference also might be given, from a personal inspection by one of its members, more exact knowledge of the whole situation and the important opportunity recommended to it in the state of Indiana.

Trusting that the Lord would graciously assist me in the considerable hardships and privations to be anticipated upon such a journey, which could be taken only on the public stages, I gladly accepted the commission given me by my dear colleagues, especially since they allowed me my dear nephew, Brother Eugene Frueauf, for a companion. It would have been too much of a venture to undertake such a journey all alone.

I recovered from the heavy discomfiture of winter in a gratifying manner at the end of February and the beginning of March. After a visit in Philadelphia in the month of April, I suffered an alarming relapse which, with the renewal of the

⁶Martin Hauser had arrived in Bartholomew County, whither some of his North Carolina neighbors had preceded him, about the end of 1829. Von Schweinitz had labored in North Carolina before taking up his work at Herrnhut. See Introduction. A letter from von Schweinitz to Hauser, dated at Bethlehem, October 29, 1830, promising that an ordained brother would visit the Indiana settlement and stating that an appointment of Hauser as agent was enclosed, is preserved in the church records at Hope. A photostat of it is in the Indiana State Library.

violent cough that seems to be at the bottom of my whole illness, produced a tightness in my chest, not felt to that degree before. I also felt a languor of my mental powers which was so depressing that I scarcely knew whether I dare go. Nevertheless I felt an overpowering impulse to enter upon the journey in the name of the Lord who gave me courage, although I did not feel relief until the eve of my departure from Bethlehem, on Ascension Day, May 12th. At the evening meeting on this day, I bade farewell to the dear congregation at Bethlehem and commended myself and my commission to their loving remembrance and prayer.

After a sorrowful but, at the same time, hopeful parting from our family, we began our journey to Philadelphia by stage coach on Friday morning, May 13th, at seven o'clock, in cheerfully bright weather. I had chosen the roundabout way through Philadelphia and Baltimore in order not to be exposed at the beginning of the trip to the great and uninterrupted hardships of a stage coach journey to Pittsburgh, but to have an interval of some days of rest; a measure which proved to be very wise. The ride to Philadelphia, on which for the most part we had little company, was pleasant and left us time to do some little errands and to make calls before night.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 14th, we betook ourselves on board the steamer and greeted some friends, who introduced us to several interesting persons among the numerous passengers. We began the delightful ride, in excellent weather, down the river to the new town of Delaware, a few miles below Newcastle, at the mouth of the splendid ship-canal. This canal now connects the Delaware with the Chesapeake Bay, opposite the fortress on Peapatch, which was destroyed by fire only a short while ago. It is needless to give a detailed description of the comfort, elegance, and speed of travel on these magnificent and large steamers upon which one dines almost better than in the best hotels. It is also easy to imagine the charm of floating down the river, covered with ships,

and along the occasionally beautiful banks. Since the route to Baltimore is not apt to be overcrowded—perhaps seventy or eighty passengers at most—everything can be enjoyed in comfort. As for conversation, it is by all means very desirable to be introduced to some fellow-passenger since otherwise, as is well known, in America, it is difficult to engage in conversation.

Soon after ten o'clock we arrived at the entrance of the canal, left the steamer, and went down a board walk several hundred paces long to the packetboat lying in the canal. This boat is drawn by five briskly trotting horses and is fitted up with the same splendor and comfort. In spite of the summer heat we remained on deck most of the time and enjoyed the interesting trip, fourteen English miles long, right across the state of Delaware. For a long time the canal runs through great swamps and ponds. One must be acquainted with the history of this country in order to realize the difficulties of the great enterprise which has cost over four million dollars. These difficulties are by no means obvious, as hardly anything is seen but a path, rising a few feet above the water, for the horses. To achieve this was the great task, since the filling required endless efforts. In many places one hundred feet of sand were excavated before firm soil was reached. A daily increasing navigation passes through this canal from the Chesapeake Bay to the Delaware, and vice versa. We met a large number of vessels which were all drawn by horses. There were only two locks. About seven miles from the Delaware the so-called Deep Cut, which is three miles long, is reached. Here the canal is cut right through the sandhills, to a depth of one hundred feet at the highest point, and a wonderful one-arch bridge, which serves as a highway across the canal, extends across the excavation at an incredible height. It requires great effort to keep the sides of this immense excavation from caving in. Soon after it is passed, the canal debouches into Back Creek, an inlet of the Chesapeake Bay, where one boards another

steamer, which is lying ready. After a ride of some length upon the narrower branches of this bay, we reached its wider expanse, as smooth as glass that day and covered with countless large and small craft, and sailed along, not far from the mouths of its great rivers such as the Susquehannah. The ride becomes supremely beautiful after one has entered the Patapsco at North Point and approaches the city of Baltimore past Fort McHenry and the Lazaretto.⁷ We arrived there quite early, having covered the whole distance of 130 English miles from Philadelphia, according to the newspapers, in a little less than ten hours.

I had intended to spend Sunday, the 15th, quietly in Baltimore, but soon found that I should have to wait until Tuesday morning, unless I wanted to go by the stage coach proper, which covers the 266 miles to Wheeling on the Ohio in three and a half days without nightly stops, which seemed to me to be too much of a venture. The accommodation coach, which allows nightly rests of several hours, leaves Baltimore only every other day. I readily agreed to this delay, for there could be no lack of pleasant acquaintances as we had received, that very night, a very kind invitation for the next day from Mr. William Frick, a highly esteemed lawyer and former pupil of Nazareth Hall. Apart from seeing the most interesting things in the city during the next two days—on Monday, we were often in the company of the Lutheran minister, Mr. Uhlhorn, who was exceedingly kind to us—we spent many pleasant hours at Mr. Frick's, who introduced me also to several naturalists whom I did not yet know personally. Meanwhile Brother Frueauf had an opportunity to meet again, to their mutual pleasure, many of his former fellow-pupils of Nazareth Hall.

The renewal of my acquaintance at Mr. Frick's, with Mr. William Winchester, an old schoolmate of mine, whom I have

⁷The Lazaretto, authorized by the General Assembly of Maryland in 1801, was used for smallpox patients. It is now used as a workshop for the lighthouse near by, to which its name has been transferred.

not seen for almost forty years, was quite unexpected, but all the more delightful, because I was under the impression that I had heard of his death long ago. Mr. Winchester is the present director of the city water works. Besides happily recalling times long gone by, it was particularly gratifying to me to hear from him the statement that he was fully convinced that he owed it to the deep impressions of religion received during his schooling at Nazareth, that its heavenly consolation had never forsaken him among all the varying experiences of life. He knew that the same was also true of his sisters, who were educated at Bethlehem at that time and who had had to endure very great afflictions. Of course the state of my health forbade me to comply with Mr. Uhlhorn's request to preach in his church on Sunday, just as I had to deny myself all strenuous walking. From here I wrote home for the first time and could report an improvement of my health which surpassed my expectation.

Early on the 17th we were ready for the carriage which was to take us shortly to the depot of the Baltimore Railroad,⁸ recently completed as far as this part is concerned. On this route one travels the first eleven miles to Ellicott's Mills by rail and not until then does he board the regular stage coach. This immense enterprise is to be continued to the Ohio—and twenty-eight more miles have actually been completed in the course of this summer—in order to preserve part of the western commerce for Baltimore. However greatly exaggerated the expectations for these enterprises may be, they are, nevertheless, worthy of admiration. Surely the owners of real estate in a city like Baltimore may well invest several hundred thousand dollars in such enterprises without much hope of considerable return from their charges, if, thereby, the value of their real estate in the city is doubled or trebled. This really seems to be the way they are calculating and it has already, in great measure, proved correct. I am not in a posi-

⁸The Baltimore and Ohio. To von Schweinitz, as late as May, 1831, the enterprise consisted of laying rails so as to increase the load horses could draw. He says nothing of locomotives.

tion to describe the work here, since we could make only imperfect observations during the drowsy ride in the rather uncomfortable railroad coach, which, in spite of its size and load (about twenty persons), was drawn by only one horse.

At Ellicott's Mills we had an unusually poor breakfast, at a very high price, and then got into the comfortable accommodation coach running to Hagerstown by way of Frederic[k]-town. Through Baltimore and Anne Arundel counties one strikes hardly any good land except where there are immense plantations of wealthy proprietors, as, for example, that of the well-known Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, where the homes of the negroes form whole villages; one also strikes, besides, a few miserable looking places such as Lisbon, New Market, and the like. Nevertheless, the entire road between Hagerstown and Baltimore was covered with an unparalleled number of six-horse teams, all carrying flour to the city. We counted over three hundred of them this day. After having progressed a considerable distance in Frederic[k] County, we enjoyed the splendid fertile region, which kept increasing in charm and beauty as far as Hagerstown in Washington County. An intervening range of hills afforded an excellent opportunity for an outlook, far and wide, without interfering much with the unusually fine turnpike, upon which we were proceeding so fast. We reached the town soon after sunset, after having traveled eighty odd miles this day. We could enjoy a longer rest than we had expected, because we did not start again until four o'clock on the morning of the 18th. That morning I awoke with peculiar feelings, thinking of my dear wife who was celebrating her birthday that day, and all day long, I was with her and my family in spirit a great deal.

From here on we found the coach well filled. The lovely fertile country was gradually approaching the mountains, which, however, were not actually to be traversed this day, since the road descends into the valley of the Potomac and continues in it as far as Hancock. Here the state of Maryland grows exceedingly narrow because, as is well known,

the Potomac which all along forms the boundary between it and Virginia approaches the southern boundary of Pennsylvania within two or three miles. Farther west in Allegheny County the state expands again considerably. Although mountainous, the turnpike remained good; we made only fifty-six miles this day, however, and spent the night at an isolated inn.

By breakfast time on the 19th we reached the town of Cumberland, where begins the ill-famed National Road, which was to connect the western with the Atlantic states across the Allegheny Mountains. It was constructed several years ago by enormous appropriations by Congress, and satisfied all requirements by effecting a welcome improvement in transportation, but at present, especially here in the mountains, it has relapsed again into a deplorable state of decay in consequence of the violent controversies which have arisen about it. As is well known, a large party denies to the United States any constitutional right, even with the consent of the individual states, to spend money on internal improvements, since this is the business of the individual states; just as it is admitted there exists no right to levy turnpike tolls. The latter fact has prevented the necessary annual repairs of the National Road because new appropriations for it were, for the most part, refused. A large part of the road has therefore got into such a condition that it is inadvisable, on account of the cost of the repairs immediately devolving upon them, for the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania to take it over from the federal government, as the state of Ohio has lately done with its part of the road, which is still in good condition. Travelers to whom, as to us, the beginning of this great work is indicated by a loaded wagon, lying completely overturned at the bottom of a sharp, deep incline, and whose bones are jolted to pieces on the terribly torn-up road, would find less difficulty in overcoming the constitutional scruples which prevent the repairs of this road than do the gentlemen in Congress in their upholstered seats. It is to be

greatly regretted that the millions spent on it in so useful a way must be regarded as thrown away. At times it was better to go on foot. I could not, however, do this very long, although it afforded me much botanical enjoyment in the higher mountain regions where, by the way, the oaks and similar trees were just beginning to put forth their foliage. In addition we had a severe thunderstorm and a rather heavy rain. About eight o'clock in the evening we entered the state of Pennsylvania and spent the night at Smithfield in a romantic mountain valley.

The ride on the 20th began at four o'clock in the morning and, as the condition of the road improved, it soon grew very interesting. From the crest of the last Allegheny Mountain range, Laurel Hill, one enjoys an incomparably wide and splendid outlook over the western country, and finds that he is now in the great Mississippi Valley into which all streams west of the mountains are gathered. At the important town of Union⁹ in Fayette County, the Yohiogany¹⁰ is crossed and at Brownsville, whence steamboats go to Pittsburgh, the Monongahela is crossed by ferry. Fayette and Washington counties are distinguished by very charming, cultivated, but quite hilly regions, in which unusually extensive sheep breeding is to be seen. In the county seat of the latter, which has the same name, a large steam mill was burnt in the preceding night. We found excellent night lodgings there and since there was not any hurry, we did not proceed upon our journey to Wheeling until after breakfast on the 21st.

The road here is still in a passable condition and exceedingly charming, in part even romantic. Right after the little town of West Alexandria, which was almost entirely burnt down two weeks ago, we reached the state of Virginia,¹¹ a long narrow strip of which penetrates far north between the straight west line of Pennsylvania and the Ohio. At the same

⁹Uniontown.

¹⁰The Youghiogheny flows east of Uniontown which is on a smaller tributary of it.

¹¹This region is now a part—the “Panhandle”—of West Virginia.

time we reached the valley of Wheeling Creek, which, after two o'clock, we crossed perhaps thirty times on small bridges, finally reaching the town of Wheeling on the great Ohio River.

I planned to embark here on the Ohio and to make the journey as far as Madison, in the state of Indiana, by water. After spending the remainder of the day pleasantly and resting well after the ride, which had been much less fatiguing than I expected, we awaited a steamer on a rainy Whitsunday, the 22nd. A large number of these vessels, of from one to five hundred tons, are constantly plying the river from Pittsburgh down to Louisville and even all the way to New Orleans. At places like Wheeling they generally put to shore to see whether passengers are to be had. Of course, however, they cannot keep any definite hours and it is necessary to wait till a boat going in the desired direction appears. The "Potomac," with Captain Stone in command, appeared soon after ten o'clock; it was, to be sure, one of the smaller steamers, yet had excellent furnishings. We therefore did not find it worth while to wait for a larger one and agreed with the captain on ten dollars a person for the passage to Louisville, Kentucky, at the great falls of the Ohio, a distance of 550 English miles, which he hoped to cover within three and a half days. Board, which is as good as at the best inns, is included in that rate. We had decided to go all the way to Louisville, although it is fifty odd miles farther than necessary, because otherwise we should have arrived too early at Madison to go immediately on the stage coach into the interior. The cost was only slightly increased thereby, and it was desirable to see this important commercial town in Kentucky.

By far the most of the steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi are so-called high pressure boats, from which superfluous steam escapes every minute automatically through a pipe, making a fearful noise, which in still weather and evenings can be heard over four miles on the river. The whole con-

struction of these vessels is very different from that of the steamers on the northern rivers. The larger ones have three decks, rising one above the other, the length of a frigate. The cabins for the ladies and gentlemen are usually on the upper deck; on ours, they were on the lower, back of the engines. All are equipped not only for passengers, but also for heavy freight, as they carry an immense trade. They are, nevertheless, always crowded with passengers because, besides the large number in the cabins, crowds of deck passengers, emigrants, and so forth—often with horses and wagons—make use of them.

Life on such a steamer is quite unique. The throng of people, the noise of the steam, the continuous, pulsating vibration; the changing scenes of the glorious, almost wholly wooded, hilly banks of the gigantic river, which here and there form valleys, either receding or approaching, with newly settled towns and active cultivation frequently seen on both sides; charming groups of islands around which one navigates with great caution to avoid hidden snags and dangers of all sorts; the close perpendicular river banks, always the same, with their denuded, horizontal stratifications—all these make a combination which one must see and hear in order to comprehend, especially to realize the impression one gets when these scenes remain almost entirely the same for days and nights. The cabins and berths, usually most elegantly decorated, are fitted up as comfortably as can possibly be desired, and nowhere is an opportunity wanting to spend the time pleasantly in viewing the interesting scenes.

Very often a short stop is made in order to replenish, from the long rows of corded wood piled up for this purpose all along the bank, the stock on board, which is kept small in order not to lose space for freight. Vessels going upstream, however, take flatboats, lying ready for this purpose, loaded with wood, with them for some distance until their supply is hauled aboard; then the flatboats can easily go back to their places with the current. From time to time calls are made

at small towns, where passengers, and occasionally also freight, are taken on and off; and whenever a signal is given from the bank, the small boat puts off to pick up passengers who desire to come along. When one becomes accustomed to the noise of the steam and the pulsating vibrations, one enjoys a good rest by night and day in the comfortable berths.

Aside from the steamers, the river is still plied by many keelboats and flatboats which come principally from the smaller streams flowing into it, but they go almost exclusively downstream. Frequently we meet other steamers which are a wonderful sight, especially by night, as their fire is seen from afar. On the steep banks close at hand, there is an opportunity to observe closely the origin of the dangerous snags which hinder navigation so much on the Ohio and still more on the Mississippi. Everywhere are to be seen living and dead trees, of large and medium size, the whole root system of which has gradually been denuded of all earth; they are swept into the river by the high floods. The weight of the entanglement, which hangs on the roots, sinks them somewhere and causes them to get fastened in the mud at the bottom. The branches soon break off and the trunk stays, retaining a slanting position in the direction of the current. It knocks most dangerous holes in vessels, which, going upstream during the night or in a fog, happen upon such a snag, as it is called. In the course of this year several of the largest steamers on the Mississippi have been wrecked in this way. In dense fog it is therefore customary to anchor, especially when going upstream.

It is strange how insignificant the mouths of the large rivers, such as the Muskingum, Scioto, and the Miami on the Ohio side, and the two Kanawhas and the Kentucky on the opposite side, appear, principally on account of the deep indentations into which they flow and which are generally seen only at an angle. However interesting such a trip may be, one still needs reading matter to keep from becoming bored, if it lasts for days, just as on the ocean.

On the 24th, about half past two o'clock, we made the first stop of any length at the exceedingly beautiful city of Cincinnati, which contains almost 30,000 inhabitants. We remained here a couple of hours since part of the cargo had to be unloaded. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to look around a little in the city, but only in the vicinity of the curious landing place where the steep river bank, paved and graded off to a sloping surface, forms a large square surrounded by buildings, which, by the time we arrived here again on our return, had been almost consumed by fire. Little distress was shown, however, because the buildings were of small value and now are to be replaced by large, magnificent ones.

Very early in the morning of the 25th, we arrived at Madison, where again freight and passengers were landed, and then we proceeded at high speed to Louisville. From the beginning of our boat trip, down to below Cincinnati, we had the states of Ohio and Indiana on our right side; on our left, we had Virginia down to the mouth of the Sandy River, and then Kentucky. The name of a certain little town below Madison we learned, curiously enough, was Bethlehem. It is, indeed, quite strange how the same place-names are repeated innumerable times in the West, to the great inconvenience and uncertainty of addresses. Washington, Columbus and Columbia, Salem, and Alexandria are names met with almost every other day, as if no new names could be invented any more. It is a matter of regret that the often euphonious Indian geographical names are so rarely used, especially for the rivers. To change the designation of the second branch of the Muskingum, which together with Tuscarawas, forms this river, from the Indian Walhonding into White Woman is bad taste.¹²

The approach to Louisville, the flourishing and leading commercial city of Kentucky, was very pleasant. Only when the landing is reached—where we counted eighteen steamers

¹²The name Walhonding is now used. The Walhonding and the Tuscarawas unite at Coshocton.

at that time—does one see the loud-roaring, rocky reef which here interrupts the navigation of the Ohio and changes its otherwise quiet current into raging waters. The level of the river was at that time still too high to admire the beauty of this cataract; indeed, at the very highest level, it disappears almost entirely. A two-mile canal, cut through the rocks from Louisville, has now been completed at great cost, so that the steamers from New Orleans can now go up to the town, instead of being compelled as formerly to remain at Shippingport to unload.

We found accommodations in a very elegant hotel and on this day and the following, we examined everything noteworthy and worth seeing, in which we were aided by the courtesy of a merchant, Mr. Danforth, to whom we were recommended. The canal, its locks, and the immense commercial activity formed a prominent part of the sights. The town itself contains many fine buildings and is quite large. Below the falls, on the opposite side in the state of Indiana, there is also a considerable town, New Albany.

[IN INDIANA]

As we were very anxious not to miss the stage coach, which, according to Brother Martin Hauser,¹³ left Madison

¹³Martin Hauser, virtually the founder of the Moravian Church and first postmaster of the village, was born September 23, 1799, at Salem, North Carolina. In 1821 he joined the Moravian Church by confirmation; in 1822 he was married to Susanna Chitty. He made three trips west, visiting his brother, Jacob, in Indiana in 1820; Gnadenhutten, Ohio, in 1827; and Indiana again in 1828. Receiving encouragement from von Schweinitz in a conference at Bethlehem in the spring of 1829, he left Salem with his wife, September 29, 1829, arriving at Bartholomew County, October 28. He entered a quarter section on Haw Creek, and receiving \$200 from von Schweinitz, entered the land on which Hope was laid out. He organized a Sunday school and church. On March 19, 1833, he was ordained deacon at Bethlehem. He received no salary as minister at Hope. In 1838 he resigned his charge there, but continued to visit Moravian groups at Enon, Tough Creek, New Holland, Coleman's and Warren's schoolhouses, and in Hendricks County. In 1846 he was finally granted permission to organize a society at Enon, five miles south of Hope.

In 1847 he was sent to Edwards County, Illinois, where he founded New Salem, later West Salem. He preached also occasionally at Woods Prairie, Wannboro, Albion, and Olney. His wife died May 2, 1867. On June 21, 1868, he married Eliza Spaugh, widow, and spent

for Columbus every Saturday, we decided to start on our return journey about six o'clock in the evening, on the 26th, on our steamer, the "Potomac," which was returning with cargo. This afforded us the enjoyment of an indescribably glorious moonlight evening on the river until late into the night—followed, however, by an unsatisfactory rest, which was interrupted two hours sooner than necessary by the false report that we had arrived at Madison, when it was only London. We actually arrived about four o'clock in the morning, when we were disembarked with our baggage in great haste upon a floating pier or wharf, provided with a watchman. Fortunately, however, we found a porter who carried our things to Mr. Pugh's Inn in town. There we at once learned that, owing to impassable roads and missing bridges, the stage coach had not yet been able to run this year, but that it was expected to do so for the first time four days later. As there was no other way of getting to Bartholomew County, we had to resign ourselves to this tedious delay, which promised to be deprived of part of its disagreeableness by several letters of introduction which I had to gentlemen of this place. When we finally went to breakfast at seven o'clock, we were not a little surprised to see our Bethlehem friend, Captain Schulz, of the cavalry, who is established in the vicinity of Cincinnati. He was here on business and remained until the evening of the following day.

In the course of the forenoon, I delivered to Mr. [William] Hendricks, senator of the United States, my letter of introduction addressed to him, whereupon he informed us that, at ten o'clock that morning, there commenced a so-called four days' "meeting" of the Presbyterians and took me to church with him at once. Such "meetings" are held everywhere to produce revivals and were continued daily during our entire stay here without interruption, save for meals and short intermissions, from nine o'clock in the morning until after eleven

most of the rest of his life at Hope. He died on October 25, 1875. Hauser Diary, photostat copy in the Indiana State Library.

o'clock at night. After a very brief address several members of the church were asked to offer prayer, and hymns were sung in the intermissions. Sometimes, also, members of the congregation were asked to sing a hymn, which they did, but it was always the same, "Alas! and did my Savior bleed." Then the various ministers present likewise offered long prayers, sang hymns, and delivered very eloquent sermons. After the first prayer meeting, at which, among others, a venerable old man offered a touching evangelical prayer in simple, heart-felt language—which unfortunately he repeated just the same way every day—Mr. Hendricks introduced me to Mr. John-
s[t]on,¹⁴ the Presbyterian minister here, and several other gentlemen, all members of the church, the ones to whom I had my letters of introduction to deliver. They expressed themselves pleased to see me here, but could not take any other notice of me under the circumstances.

Owing to my misunderstanding a question which Mr. John-
s[t]on asked me, I had the terrible experience at the close of the sermon, when it was already two o'clock, to hear announced from the pulpit that a Moravian preacher present would preach at three o'clock in the afternoon. I felt entirely unable to do so, particularly after a sleepless night, without any preparation and without knowledge of the spirit reigning here, of which so far I had received the impression that, though it aimed at the Good, it sought to force it and bring it about in a manner with which I could by no means agree. I therefore felt obliged to correct this error in public and to allege among other reasons the state of my health, which forbade me to preach in public at the time—and it

¹⁴The Reverend James Harvey Johnston, a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, arrived at Madison in 1824 as representative of the Domestic Missionary Society of New York. He was a pastor at Madison for eighteen years. After 1843 Crawfordsville was the center of his activities. He died in 1876 after a service in Indiana of fifty-one years—the longest in the annals of the Presbyterian Church in the state. See Edson, Harrford A., *Contributions to the Early History of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana, together with Biographical Notices of the Pioneer Ministers*, Index (Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, 1898).

certainly would have had the most injurious consequences to me on account of the inevitable great uneasiness in which I should have been. This reason had to be accepted, but it also necessarily precluded my mounting the pulpit on any of the following days, when it might have been possible. However, Mr. Johns[t]on very kindly took me to his small dwelling with him and kept me for dinner, where also Mr. Cushman, the delegate of the Society from Cincinnati which is carrying on these efforts, was staying. Although when I left his house, Mr. Johns[t]on invited me to call often—since it was impossible for me to remain the whole time at the church—I could not make up my mind to inconvenience him again, especially since more and more ministers arrived and over-crowded his house. Furthermore, I could not possibly feel called upon to take part in these proceedings, as oftentimes I could not have done so without denying my convictions.

Upon the whole, I cannot deny, indeed, that the teachings propounded contained the gospel, and some of the discourses heard during that time—for I spent all the forenoons at the church—were truly evangelical and edifying. Others, to the contrary, which were intended to arouse the sinners, either wholly kept from them Him who has come to seek and save what is lost, or else put Him in the background. The angry Jehovah, however, represented as an avenger, was described in fearful manner as endeavoring to strike them down before they reached refuge. The love of Jesus for the repenting sinner, which attracts him and encourages him when he is weary and heavily laden, to seek refuge with Him, was not mentioned at all or only quite incidentally.

On Sunday afternoon the Lord's Supper was celebrated, for which a solemn invitation was issued to all who wished to partake in it, without distinction of denomination, provided they were communicants of a church which accepted a long series of precepts, which were pronounced so indistinctly that I understood but few of them. I was not without concern, that my standing back and taking little part therein might

make a disadvantageous impression, particularly after the public announcement made known to the whole town that I was a minister, but I felt unable to take part without doing violence to my convictions. I refrained, however, from all comment on the manifold and varied remarks which I overheard, the most painful of which concerned the everyday life of many of the most zealous participants in this movement.

From Sunday on, when those in whom the Spirit was manifest, were repeatedly asked to come forward in public, the prayers and discourses were most eagerly directed at producing expressions of revival. Some young women had finally stepped up in the evening and were worked upon, in public and in private, with indescribable zeal. During the whole time the church was crowded.

On Monday, the 30th, without any noticeable interference with the meetings, a very large muster of militia was held, at which a number of candidates at the impending elections for Congress, state governor, and Assembly, made speeches to the people and great excesses were committed. Although no drinks at all are served in respectable inns, I have rarely seen so many people drunk and nowhere so many brawls and rows, for the populace of Indiana develops a fearful rudeness on such occasions.

The somewhat painful situation in which I was placed under these circumstances did not make this four days' stay agreeable, particularly as there was wholly lacking a suitable place in which to sit down at the inn, and I longed exceedingly to go further. For this reason, we felt not a little embarrassed, when, instead of the expected stage coach, news came Monday evening by the arriving postman that it was still impossible to get through and that we should have to wait again until Friday. This induced us to try our utmost to get off in some other way. The landlord was willing to let us have his two horses, but all efforts to get hold of a conveyance were of no avail, because in this country it is not customary to travel otherwise than on horseback. Finally our landlord was

so kind as to have the bed of a large winter sleigh fastened on the wheels of a wagon and so to form a vehicle in which it was possible to travel after a fashion. It was a great pleasure to us that a young Swiss, Mr. Zehender, of a Bernese family, who had served in a Dutch Swiss regiment, now re-organized, and who was staying in this vicinity for pleasure, joined our party to Columbus and thereby lightened our expenses. We not only had many very interesting conversations with him—he was well acquainted in Montmirail, where two of his sisters were educated—but our suppers were improved by his hunting along the road, because he did not miss any of the edible small game, such as squirrels, snipes, or rabbits, which we happened on to. It should be mentioned that in Madison and vicinity several Swiss families have settled, who were all very friendly towards us.

About ten o'clock in the morning we began our journey in a northerly direction in very hot weather. On an exceedingly narrow, steep road, made almost impassable by deep ruts, we wound our way slowly up the hills which everywhere skirt the Ohio more or less closely. Halfway up, in order to get past, we had to lend a helping hand to a wagon drawn by six oxen which had got stuck. The crest of the hills consists of vertical rocky walls. It is remarkable that in the whole Mississippi Valley all stratifications without exception are perfectly horizontal and nowhere have an inclined position, as in our country. When one reaches the top, the country expands into a broad plain, with only here and there deep valleys of creeks and rivers, and one soon begins to admire the immense height and thickness of the trees. To be sure the woods are quite vast everywhere, but great was our astonishment at the quantity of land already in a high state of cultivation and at the frequency of the plantations. We had a pretty good road for the first eight or twelve miles, as far as to a private house, where quite a refreshing dinner was served to us. From there on it became exceedingly difficult. For long distances it passes through wet, swampy, though not in-

fertile, beech woods, over an almost continuous so-called corduroy bridge, which was, moreover, in a very ruinous condition, so that one was almost jolted to pieces. On this account, my companions traveled much on foot. Yet everywhere it proved possible to get through all right, and we reached our first lodging-place, Vernon, the capital of Jennings County, in good time. There had been a muster there that day, and sad scenes of drunkenness could be observed everywhere; yet we were excellently entertained, in part, with our own game, and had good lodgings.

We started rather early on June 1st to continue our journey of about twenty-five miles, which from all sides we heard described in such a manner that we were well prepared to experience something unusual. And that was really the case. The almost endless corduroy road was constantly interrupted by immense holes into which our wagon many times jolted down a foot and a half from the hard road, so that the horses sank to their bellies in mud: often they were in such a condition that it was impossible to get through at all. We then turned unhesitatingly into the most dense wood with tangled underbrush and after a long, roundabout way, during which the skill of our driver in winding his way between big, dense trees and fallen tree trunks could not be admired too much, we came back to the road scarcely one hundred paces from where we had entered it. The same thing happened when fallen trees, often four or five feet in diameter, lay clear across the road. Needless to say, under such circumstances we progressed very slowly. Sometimes we came to splendidly cultivated spaces, which, to be sure, were only half cleared of their trees, as it is not over fifteen years since the whole tract was purchased from the Indians.¹⁵ Whoever has not seen it before must marvel at the rich grain fields which seem to be growing up in the midst of the woods, while great dead trees, girded and burned but still standing, are so numerous in

¹⁵This was in the "New Purchase" secured by treaty with the Indians at St. Mary's in October, 1818.

them that anywhere else they would form a well-forested tract. In these parts, all this work of clearing is particularly difficult, because of the beeches and sugar-maple trees, which, together with the tulip trees (*Liriodendron*) [*Liriodendron tulipifera*], by far the largest of all, are the most numerous.¹⁶ We often saw in one place many tulip trees with trunks straight as an arrow, eighty or more feet in height and five or six feet in diameter. They are exceedingly hard to kill and usually keep putting forth leaves, though smaller ones, for two years.

More than once we had to ford little rivers of considerable size, all of them branches of White River, which flows into the Wabash at the western edge of the state. Although none of them was difficult to cross at the time, it was easy to imagine the difficulties which any heavy or long continued rain produces, for all of them, as is true of the western streams generally, rise extraordinarily in incredibly short time, so that often creeks which seem quite insignificant suddenly detain one for days.

We had our breakfast in a building which externally was quite an ordinary cabin, built and roofed with logs. Inside, however, everything was very respectable and even elegant, as this building is the new town of Solon,¹⁷ the printed advertisements for which we had come across everywhere re-

¹⁶The bloom of the tulip or yellow poplar tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, is the state flower of Indiana.

¹⁷According to the *Indiana Gazetteer* (2nd ed. 1833), Solon, in Jennings County, was laid out by Solon Robinson thirteen miles northwest of Vernon on the state road to Columbus. Its founder moved there in 1830 and abandoned it in 1834. It must not be confused with the present Solon in Clark County.

Solon Robinson was the first settler, a "squatter," in Lake County and one of the most interesting citizens ever resident in Indiana. He was a pioneer in many things, but chiefly in methods of agriculture and in the dissemination of agricultural information. He became editor of the agricultural department of the *New York Tribune* in 1850, and retained this position till his death, thus being closely associated with Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He was born near Tolland, Connecticut, October 21, 1803, and died at Jacksonville, Florida, November 3, 1880. See typed copy of address delivered by A. F. Knotts before Old Settlers and Historical Society of Lake County at Crown Point, August 27, 1921, Indiana State Library.

cently. We would have noted with pleasure the valuable library of the owner, if the atheist newspapers of Miss Frances Wright,¹⁸ lying about in profusion, and public effusions against clergy, temperance society, etc., had not shown how, even here, the lamentable reaction against the exaggerations of the times is producing its injurious effects and most sadly increasing the confusion of mind generated by religious contentiousness.

From there on, the badness of the road came to a climax, and we approached Brush Creek, where the collapse of the bridge had been the main cause of the non-arrival of the stage coach. Wagon-drivers whom we met gave terrifying accounts of the difficult and roundabout route which was the only possible way to get through the bottomless swamp which encompasses it, but when we came up, a large body of men who were reconstructing the bridge, called to us from afar that, if we would wait a short quarter of an hour, we might be the first to cross the new bridge. We were glad to do so and watched with amazement the skill with which these people were able to handle their only tool, the axe. In an incredibly short time, the tree trunk which was still wanting to complete the flooring of the bridge was cut down, squared most neatly and exactly, and fitted into the opening, so that we could cross the dangerous place with gratitude and without any other trouble than to accept a draught of whisky from the people amidst their loud hurrahs. But for still another mile or more the road was as bad as it could possibly be; then it became, on the whole, quite good. After riding through the most fertile plantations with good brick houses, before five o'clock we reached Columbus, the capital of Bartholomew

¹⁸Frances or Fanny Wright (Mrs. Frances d'Arusmont), 1795-1852, was an early radical and advocate of women's rights. She resided for some years at New Harmony, where in 1828 she was an editor of *The New Harmony and Nashoba Gazette*, or *Free Enquirer*, and joined in transferring the paper to New York and continuing it under the name of the *Free Enquirer*. See *Dictionary of National Biography*, Stephen, Leslie, (ed.), under Arusmont; also Waterman, William Randall, *Frances Wright (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law*, vol. CXV, No. 1, New York, 1924).

County, named for a general of the militia who distinguished himself in the Indian war.¹⁹

By mistake we did not take up our quarters at the inn indicated to me by Brother Martin Hauser, so that I had to go on to Mr. Jones, and found there that everything had been attended to all right. He was willing to take us early in the morning to Jacob Hauser, a brother of Martin, well known to me in Salem, who, however, had joined the Baptists. It was quite evident that my arrival here, heralded long before, created quite a sensation and perhaps had also given rise to many absurd rumors, for the settling of the Moravians is causing quite a stir here. Although a crowd of people gathered around me immediately, on this account, all were exceedingly polite and obliging.

On June 2nd, after breakfast Mr. Jones called for us with his stage coach and took us the four miles to our friend, Jacob Hauser, whom we found in the woods not far from his fine brick house. His plantation is located on a wide, exceedingly fertile plain, called Haw Patch, on the Flatrock River, which even here is navigable in spring. At Columbus it flows into the Driftwood, which is about half the size of our Lehigh and carries considerable traffic. This Haw Patch, which has been thickly settled for little more than seven years, looks already like an older settlement and contains extensive plantations. Jacob could not come home until noon, but we were very kindly received by his wife, a native of these parts. After dinner he got ready to take us in his one-horse conveyance the twelve or fourteen miles beyond to his brother. Many interesting exchanges with Jacob along the way gave me an insight into the prevailing religious confusion, which has come to a climax through the many contending parties and their leaders who are quite uneducated people.

¹⁹General Joseph Bartholomew. See Pence, George, "General Bartholomew," *Indiana Biographical Pamphlets*, vol. III, no. 59 (Columbus, Ind., 1894); also *Indiana Magazine of History*, vol. XIV, pp. 287-303.

The first six miles we drove along a wretched road²⁰ to Indianapolis, the capital of the state, situated on the west branch of White River, near the place where Brethren Kluge and Luckenbach formerly attended to the Indian mission.²¹ Suddenly, however, our experienced guide turned aside right into the dense woods, where only a very indistinct, and frequently wellnigh vanishing footpath indicated the direction. We now proceeded very slowly indeed through such deep mud—sometimes a morass—that I soon had to give up the attempt to walk, just as Brethren Frueauf and Hauser had done. The dense underbrush, which fortunately consisted only of easily breaking laurels (*Laurus Benzoin*) [*Benzoin aestivale*] and pawpaws (*Porcelia triloba*) [*Asimina triloba*], served as a substratum and support for our one-horse conveyance, since we were driving over it incessantly. The small creeks often had difficult banks and when we finally came to Tough Creek, the crossing was really very hard. However, we succeeded and thus reached the settlement of our brethren and sisters, though we had totally lost our way. As a matter of fact, however, there isn't any road because nobody travels there by a conveyance.

[THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT]

Philipp Essig²² met us in the guise of a charcoal burner, since he was just burning a kiln; he gave good advice as to how we might wind our way to Martin Hauser's. So we passed by several of their newly started plantations—some have been

²⁰This was not the state road to Indianapolis, however. Von Schweinitz left this road two miles north of Columbus on the "Haw Patch" road. At that time, May, 1831, there were but three official roads located in Haw Creek Township. The route from Jacob Hauser's place to Martin Hauser's was through the "slashes," a swampy wilderness which had no roads for a number of years.

²¹A Moravian mission among the Delaware Indians on White River was established in 1801 by John Peter Kluge and Abraham Luckenbach who were sent from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for that purpose. The mission was abandoned in 1806, however, owing to the increasing difficulty in the relations between the Indians and the whites. Its location on the north bluffs of White River near what is now Anderson is marked by a bronze tablet, placed there in 1913 by the D. A. R.

²²The surname, Essig, was later Americanized to Essex.

begun only this spring. As may be easily understood, they were scarcely observable, save for the fences and deadened trees, in the woods, which surpass everything seen heretofore in height, density, and the girth of their varied trees. So we lost our bearings again several times until we met Ludwig Ried, an old acquaintance in Salem,²³ and were put on the right way. Thus, just as it was getting dark, we arrived at Martin Hauser's west fence, which we laid down,²⁴ and then sought our own way to his house through his corn, which was just coming up.

The great joy of seeing each other was shared by all members of the household, although we really saw each other only in the morning, since, during our entire stay, we were without any light in the evening, except at supper, unless it was cool enough to have a flickering fire in the fireplace. Besides the five children of Brother and Sister Hauser, there lodged with them three unmarried Chittys, brothers of Sister Hauser, some of whom had recently arrived from Salem. There also lodged with them Brother John Proske, formerly employed with the Indian mission, who had also bought land here and at the same time leased a lot in the little town of Goshen²⁵ which is being laid out around the schoolhouse, where he is building a house to start his shoemaker's trade. Brother Hauser's rather spacious log house is nice and well built, and has a good roof, but consists of only one room and the loft, which is reached by a ladder. In the room, behind a screen made of wagon [covers?] and sheets, we found our beds already prepared and space for our things, and at the back a window. There was another window in the room, opposite the door. A smaller log house or cabin close by, which however is still entirely open—that is, not filled in between the logs—forms the kitchen and dining room, where

²³Salem, North Carolina, where von Schweinitz had formerly preached, and whence most of the Moravians in this settlement had come.

²⁴The primitive rail fence, built zigzag fashion of split rails, readily lent itself to being torn down and rebuilt.

²⁵Soon changed to Hope. See Introduction.

we always betook ourselves with our chairs at meal times. Yet its chimney is still lacking and an open fire is kept in the house on some large flagstones. Most things, however, are cooked outside in the yard, if it is not raining.

Thus grateful and very happy, we moved into these, our present quarters, to stay there until after June 17th, which day the brethren and sisters here have chosen for their coming congregation festival, for this is the date when, in the name of God, they assembled last year, for the first time, in the schoolhouse, just built and still without a roof. It was apparent that any shortening of this time would be very painful to them. After our first happy supper, we enjoyed for a while the most interesting and remarkable night view from the house, in the midst of the half-cleared ten acres, out into the high impenetrable woods surrounding it. The woods were illuminated by twenty-five or thirty burning log-heaps, built of cut timber from four or five acres of lowland, which Brother Hauser had planted with corn this spring. The logs continued to burn incessantly the first week. After we had enjoyed the view, we lay down to rest and I most earnestly commended myself and my errands here to the Lord in a simple prayer for his support. It pained us this first evening to notice the serious eye trouble with which Brother Hauser is afflicted and which we greatly hope may not deprive him of one of his eyes.

It may now be fitting, first of all, to give an idea of the general situation. As is well known, all land in the new states, and particularly in Indiana, is divided by the United States into equal townships of thirty-six square miles. Each of these square miles, of which there are six in each direction, is a "section" composed of 640 acres. Each section is subdivided once more into eight equal, half-quarter sections, that is, eighty acre lots. These divisions, however, are not only on paper, but have been actually surveyed and marked on the corner trees with their proper numbers. In each township, the section which is marked number 16 is the common property of all inhabitants of the township and reserved exclusively for the

support of their primary schools. The remainder of the land is open to anybody. After an inspection of the quality and location of the land, fresh water springs, and so forth, everybody selects whatever pleases him, usually one or several half-quarter sections, from that which is still unoccupied. As soon as he has paid down cash, which without variation amounts to \$100 for eighty acres, in the land office at Indianapolis, the piece selected is his absolute property and for the first five years is free from taxation.

The township where most of the brethren and sisters who have moved here from North Carolina have settled, and where a considerable number still seem to wish to follow, is called Haw Creek Township²⁶ from the two creeks uniting in it, which flow into the Driftwood Fork at Columbus, and is located in the northeast corner of Bartholomew County. It is bordered by Shelby County on the north and by Decatur County on the east; on the south, it is adjoined by Clifty Township, and on the west, by Flatrock, both of which are in Bartholomew County. Some of the brethren and sisters are living in Flatrock.

Several years ago, following the example of other Carolinian neighbors who thought themselves unable to live in the comparatively unfertile state of North Carolina, Brother Martin Hauser turned toward the state of Indiana and naturally cast his eye by preference on the part where his brother, Jacob, together with other Carolinians, had been settled for more than seven years. Since that time he has cherished the desire to arrange his settlement in such a manner that those North Carolinian emigrants, who, like him, were quite anxious to retain their connection with the Moravian Church, might settle in the same vicinity, and form a congregation. On the occasion of a visit to Pennsylvania four years ago, hope was extended to him that a helping hand might be given by the purchase of a suitably located piece of land which some time

²⁶Haw Creek Township was formed by the Board of Commissioners on March 2, 1829, from the east end of Flatrock Township.

might serve as an endowment for the support of a laborer and the establishment of a congregation. On this land a church and schoolhouse might stand, and around them, perhaps, also a little town. When, therefore, over two years ago, he actually moved to Indiana with his family, he selected for himself here in Haw Creek Township a very suitable location in a most extraordinarily wooded region, to be sure, but exceedingly fertile; rather rolling, healthful, and abundantly supplied with the best spring water: a place where an unusually desirable opportunity for such a settlement presented itself. On his representation it was first decided to purchase for the above purpose 160 acres, or two half-quarter sections, along the south side of his three lots (a tract of 240 acres) to which now, during my presence, it was deemed proper to add another eighty acres to prevent the intrusion of a stranger. Scarcely had this become known when the emigration from Carolina, and particularly from the country congregations, took this direction and already a considerable number of the half-quarter sections located in the neighborhood have been purchased by brethren and sisters who are gathering here in ever larger numbers.

On the piece they called Goshen, which I purchased,²⁷ they have now jointly cleared five acres around the schoolhouse, erected a year ago, in such manner as clearing can be done in the beginning, and they have provided them with a good fence. On this five-acre lot, also, Brother Hauser has commenced to build a house for Brother John Leinbach who wants to exercise his trade as a cooper there, and Brother Proske is building next to him, but clearing an additional separate acre. A couple of other brethren who have moved here, Daniel Ziegler²⁸ and Ludwig Ried, have bought a couple of older

²⁷Von Schweinitz advanced the money necessary to purchase land for church purposes at a time when the future existence of the Goshen (Hope) settlement was uncertain and when Hauser and his fellow-settlers were enduring great hardships. Hamilton, *History of the Moravian Church*, p. 358.

²⁸Ziegler was one of the five men who made an agreement on January 2, 1830 that they and their families would form the nucleus of a con-

plantations which were commenced before Brother Hauser's arrival, and therefore have considerable land under cultivation. On the others, cultivation was begun in the woods only two years ago and on several, only this year. It may therefore be imagined how wild and rough it still looks about them and that their houses serve only for the most urgent, present necessities. Few have yet had the gaps between the logs stopped up and plastered: I even noticed a twig, with leaves still green, on one of the logs of Philipp Essig's house. But one must marvel at how much their industry has accomplished, especially if one gets a clear idea of the work required. Without mutual help, it would be entirely impossible to get on, particularly with the toilsome log rolling, or with the hauling of felled trees into a pile in order to burn them. For, in spite of the fact that half of them are left standing, trees cover the whole expanse on account of their incredible size and height.

The easily split walnut and cherry wood greatly facilitates their fence making. Chestnuts are not often found, nor are any coniferous trees anywhere in the state except in the north toward Lake Michigan. The beeches and sugar-maples are the most numerous, and the poplars (*Liriodendron*) are the biggest and tallest trees. At Brother Dan. Ziegler's house the road passes between two poplar stumps which are seven feet in diameter each—the felled trunk of one forms the fence for seventy or eighty feet and is still over four feet thick at the smaller end. Besides these there are found almost as huge walnut trees (*Juglans nigra* and *cinerea*), shell barks (*Juglans alba*) [*Carya ovata*], many species of ash, mulberries, honey-locusts (*Gladitsia*) [*Gladitsia triancanthos*] with and without thorns, coffee-trees, (*Gymnocladus*) [*Gymnocladus dioica*], elms, immense sycamores (*Platanus*) [*Platanus occidentalis*] and many other trees, but extremely few oaks. In the hollow of one of these sycamores, which was still growing,

gregation at Goshen, later Hope. The others were Martin Hauser, John Essex, Samuel Rominger and Joseph Spaugh. *Ibid.*, p. 358.

five of us adults assembled and as many again would easily have had room. The smaller growth and underbrush is exceedingly varied. All the woods are alike in immense height, density, and absolute straightness of the trees.

The ground is a jet-black, rich soil, about four feet deep. Stone—and that only a soft limestone which yields excellent lime—is found only at the creeks and on the hillsides. In spite of the most imperfect ploughing, the only kind which the roots filling the ground render possible during the first years, Martin has a splendid wheat field, to say nothing of Dan Ziegler's and Ried's. As soon as the ground is got into proper shape, an acre yields one hundred bushels of corn. Everywhere there can be observed the richest growth of grass, timothy (*Phleum pratense*) and here and there, clover. The finest apple and peach trees are growing luxuriantly upon the older plantations.

A good flowing spring is found on almost every eighty-acre lot, although none so glorious as Martin's, which is one of the finest I ever saw and which has delicious water. But very good water may be had anywhere without much trouble by digging a well. The two Haw Creeks are indeed not large streams, yet they drive a sawmill. This is a mile from Goshen; and besides the mills on the Flatrock are near at hand. Every rain, however, causes them to rise in an unconceivable manner. In wet weather the mud on the rich, black ground is indescribable, especially where on a level surface, such as near the schoolhouse, the water cannot flow off.

Columbus, which is not over ten or twelve miles distant, forms a most desirable market because there is much buying there for exportation down the Mississippi.²⁹ All products of the country can be disposed of there, hogs most advantageously of all, wherefore all efforts are directed toward breeding them.

²⁹Columbus is actually fourteen miles from Hope. At that time and until the advent of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, it was a shipping point of considerable importance in the flatboat trade with Arkansas and New Orleans. Its location on the Driftwood Fork of White River afforded the use of the spring freshets in this trade.

On the other hand, the inhabitants are obliged to go to Columbus, also, for all their necessities, even for the smallest nail. Nothing, therefore, would be more desirable for the settlement than the establishment of a little store or trading post in Goshen which would save them this trouble. Nor is there any doubt that an energetic young man who would be willing to put up with the privations inseparably connected with beginning in such a wilderness, would have good prospects for the future. This would particularly be the case with a blacksmith. Nothing would be more welcome to the brethren and their neighbors here than to see Goshen becoming a little town with the most necessary artisans at hand; this has been Brother Martin's design. For the present, however, it is not expected that much increase will come from other than Carolinian congregations, who can more easily reconcile themselves to life in the woods.

Brother Martin cannot attain his great desire to arrange the leases in Goshen in such manner that, as in community settlements, no stranger can intrude or maintain himself as long as there are lacking funds from which to buy up the improvements in such cases. In view of the real difficulties involved, it seems to me advisable also to aim at this. After much deliberation the lease granted to Brother Proske was fixed at five years, after which term the proprietor is at liberty to renew it, change it, or, if no agreement is reached, he reserves for himself the right of purchasing the improvements on the lot, without being compelled to do so. Apart from such leases of house lots, the present custom of the country offers only one way for the use of land in the interest of the community, namely, gradually to grant parts of it on improving leases, that is, to let them to a farmer for seven years for his individual use, on condition that a certain number of acres are cultivated and fenced in. Its value increases thereby and after this period it may be decided what further use is to be made of it. For the present there cannot possibly arise any revenue from it. They all do this; as, for example,

Martin Hauser, who possesses more land than he and his family can use for the present. Several of the brethren who have settled here are such tenants and hope to earn so much beyond their living expenses in those years, that they can then buy land for themselves.

The sixteenth or school section of each township is treated in the same way, only usually they aim to sell the land after one or more leases according to circumstances, when it has risen considerably in value through cultivation, and with the proceeds to establish a fund, the interest from which is to support the primary school system. The school land may be sold as soon as a majority of the voters of the township decides to do so. This condition had created the bitter feeling here in Haw Creek, which during our stay had such a sad outcome, and brought the murder related below into connection with the affairs of the brethren.

A certain man by the name of Jones, a very coarse and bad character, is, with several others, a tenant on the school land and his lease has still five years to run.³⁰ This man devised a plan this spring to persuade the inhabitants to put the school land upon the market at once; those concerned hoped to be able to buy the plantations they had started on it for a trifle. Since possession could only be obtained after five years, no purchasers would be found. Brother Martin Hauser and Daniel Ziegler opposed this scheme because it was manifestly to the very great disadvantage of the township. One of the magistrates, Mr. Ray, sided with them and of course all the brethren here followed his example. Jones then sought to arouse enmity against all Moravians in order to accomplish his purpose. Among other things he circulated the rumor that

³⁰John Jones had a better reputation among his associates and many others than von Schweinitz' references would indicate. He had settled near the present site of Hope in 1824 and, with his brother, for several years followed a business of driving horses to North Carolina. He had six children and was generally regarded as taking excellent care of them. His descendants have always been highly regarded in the community. Among those who knew him, his killing of Squire Ray was attributed to intoxication and a violent altercation. See note, p. 253.

I was expected with \$60,000 with which to buy whole counties and to put the control of the state into the hands of the Moravians, insinuating also that these men then intended to surrender the country to the King of England. Largely through the sensible representations of Squire Ray, however, all of this was in vain, and the selfish design of Jones and his gang was frustrated. Our brethren in this matter wisely avoided all occasions of quarrels and brawls, which are the usual way of venting bad feelings in this country. So this rowdy developed a devilish malignity especially against Squire Ray, although he also uttered threats at Martin and Dan. Ziegler. The unfortunate result will be detailed in due time.

From all that has been said about the situation here, it must be clear that conditions are very inviting and advantageous indeed for the settlement of farmers, particularly from Carolina, where settlers are accustomed to similar conditions but with incomparably worse prospects; and that furthermore certain kinds of indispensable artisans who can reconcile themselves to such life in the wilderness have good prospects. It would be quite a different thing, however, for young men from our Pennsylvania communities, and probably very few could easily satisfy themselves with conditions here, particularly on account of their wives.

After this survey I return to our stay here. On Friday, the 3rd, we had a disagreeable rainy day which did not allow us to go out until evening. After crossing, on a sixty-foot log, the little Haw Creek, which flows close by the house, we made our first visit with Martin to Goshen, or rather to the schoolhouse, about half a mile from Hauser's. Only with difficulty was it possible to get there by the footpath through the deep mud. On the flat ridges, especially, the water stands very long after a rain. The schoolhouse is a respectable log house with a good shingle roof, but still without windows, for it is quite open everywhere; that is, the three or four inch interstices between the logs have not yet been chinked up and daubed.

As usual it has foundation pillars of large pieces of soft lime-stone, but as yet only under the corners.

Several of the brethren living near paid us visits this day and the next. Our further proceedings were soon agreed upon with Brother Martin Hauser. The time of my arrival being uncertain, and in view of the great desire of those living both near and far to hear a Moravian preacher, it had been announced that Sunday, June 12th, there would be preaching at the schoolhouse. However, this need not prevent my preaching also on the previous Sunday, the 5th, when in addition to members the nearer neighbors were expected to come. The weather being fine, they did indeed attend in large numbers.

As is well known, Brother Martin Hauser was given a written commission from Salem to take care of the brethren gathering here as an adviser; and he also at times holds prayer meetings and gives short exhortations. With others, especially with dear young Brother John Essig, he first established a Sunday school at the schoolhouse in co-operation with the Sunday school Union. The children of the whole neighborhood and of all denominations attend this in large numbers, and on this day, that is the 5th, they were present, soon after nine o'clock, together with most of the brethren and sisters.

In the open building which, as remarked above, could still do quite well without windows, there is a chair, a little table, and instead of benches, which were not yet done, boards were laid upon blocks. We opened the meeting with the German verse: "So weit hast du uns bracht, Lamm sei gepriesen,"³¹ which Brother Martin Hauser intoned with great warmth of heart. (It is customary to sing a German hymn, but all other proceedings are in the English language.) Then I made a short address to the brothers and sisters, conveying the cordial sympathy and greetings of the Provincial Conference, and imploring the Savior's gracious acceptance of our undertakings. Thereupon Brother Martin spoke briefly and cordially to the

³¹"So far hast thou brought us, Praised be the Lamb."

numerous Sunday school scholars, and then knelt in prayer. After this we listened with the greatest pleasure to the children's reading, in which many have really attained great proficiency, and heard them recite with great spontaneity the portions of Scripture assigned to them the last time, together with as many verses of hymns as they wished to learn.

The impression which we received of the untold usefulness of these Sunday schools, for which great efforts are rightly being made in these otherwise neglected parts, was very favorable. The Sunday School Union agency provides that everywhere the necessary books can be had at lowest possible price, and though in part the forms of catechetical instruction it sends out are very imperfect, yet the great good they are doing cannot be denied. The whole Sunday school system is, in fact, a modification of the instruction of children in the Lutheran Church, adapted to the country and its needs, with the important improvement that the personal activity of the members of the congregation who serve as teachers makes an advantageous impression and thus contributes not a little to arouse the interest of the adults. To be sure, the Sunday schools do not make other schools unnecessary, and the brethren wish very much that an opportunity for the further instruction of their children may soon be given them.

I omitted to say that the roll of scholars and teachers is always called at the beginning and everyone present responds to his name. At the end I made a brief address to the children, calling attention to their good fortune in having such an opportunity to learn the word of salvation and to appropriate it for their own use.

The meeting now broke up for a short while, but in the meantime a fairly large crowd of people had assembled, so I soon proceeded to the sermon in the manner customary among the brethren, with the singing of a hymn and opening prayer. The house was completely filled. Among those present were Squire Ray and his future murderer, who, however, as a notorious scoffer at religion, soon went out with a mate

and was said to have made coarse jokes about the meeting in front of the house. The crowd was so great, indeed, that soon after the beginning of the sermon proper, the principal corner stone burst in two pieces from the weight of the people, with a report like a cannon shot, and frightened me not a little; but no further damage was done. I preached on the Epistle of the day: "God is love," but at the beginning I felt that I did not succeed in finding the right language that all could understand. Yet all seemed quite pleased and rejoiced.

Monday and Tuesday were two very hot days, but we used them to visit all our brethren and sisters in their homes and to acquaint ourselves with them and their young families, mostly very large. The first day we proceeded in a westerly and the second, in an easterly direction. All the older persons of the congregation were personally well known to me from Salem days, as well as other neighbors whom we visited, who belong to the Baptists or Lutherans—the latter, however, have no congregation. Our Monday walking was very fatiguing for me on account of the frequent fence climbing, but no house can be approached without it. Nevertheless we walked seven miles in all, for there is at least half a mile of woods between every neighbor. Everywhere we were received with the greatest love and joy, and refreshments were offered to us. Everywhere we had occasion to admire their industry and frugality. The most urgent necessities of life, but only these, are provided everywhere. A mother with three little children, the oldest of whom is four years old, who stays in her cabin in the woods all alone, while her husband is engaged in the heavy tasks of clearing up the forest, is truly admirable in her activity in running her household, simple as it is. She can quickly get ready a cup of coffee—with exquisite maple sugar, the only kind which is seen here—together with corn-bread and fried ham or venison. On Tuesday we did not have to walk quite so far, since some of the plantations toward the east, such as Brother Clayton's and Alexander Copeland's, who have moved here from the Cherokee country only this spring,

are situated somewhat more closely together. The cordiality and joy of the brethren and sisters were exceedingly gratifying, and even as early as this visit, several who had a desire to partake in the Lord's Supper announced for the festival of the 17th, reported for confirmation, as they had all previously said they would to Brother Martin. Henry Holders also begged very hard for permission to join the congregation. She was formerly a communicant sister in Carolina, but had forfeited her privilege.

Most of the men were still making the utmost efforts to get their most recently cleared pieces [of land] into shape, so that they could plant corn on them, in spite of the late season. Even Brother Martin did not get this done till four days before our departure, and yet on the morning we left we noticed that it had already come up beautifully. As soon as it does, another trouble commences, for the numerous squirrels pull up whole rows and nibble off the seeds. Thus it becomes necessary to keep shooting all day long around the fields. Besides this, on Monday night, all the young men were summoned for a wolf hunt, because packs of wolves were around howling during the nights. They failed, however, in their object, which had been to discover the lair where they kept their young.

Thursday, the 9th, all the brethren were busy about the schoolhouse the whole day, sawing, making the two necessary windows, filling the cracks between the logs with stones, and plastering them up with lime-mortar from without and within. They achieved this with the exception of the north side, where the Liturgus³² sits, which must still remain open for the present.

From time to time we received calls from brethren and sisters and other neighbors. Among others, the repeatedly-mentioned Squire Ray spent the greatest part of an afternoon with us in a very friendly way. He introduced all possible topics of conversation, particularly religious questions, such as

³²The minister.

occupy the minds of the good people, about immersion in baptism, about reprobation, and sophistical interpretations of some verses of the Bible in which they exercise their cleverness in debating. He was especially troubled about the question of the day of the week on which the Savior had been crucified, and was confused by the universal custom of calling Sunday the Sabbath; he even accused the Jews of having moved their Sabbath back one day out of spite toward the Christians. The information I tried to give him on everything seemed quite satisfactory to him and he took leave with the urgent request that we should call on him at his house, a mile and a half distant, after his return from Columbus where he was about to go on business in company with others. He took a letter for Brother Eugene Frueauf to the post-office. It will give some idea of the mode of life of such people, when I mention that this man told us he had commenced nine new places in the woods during the last twelve years, which he had always sold again at once to others at a profit. In the same way he had recently disposed of his present place, on which he had constructed a sort of sawmill, to Brother Charles Spach, receiving \$600 for it, and he was now contemplating settling in the prairies on the Wabash.

In spite of all these conversations and as many little botanical excursions as circumstances permitted and many very pleasant and gratifying talks with Brother Hauser, time often passed slowly, for there was no chance to write and to read. From time to time the weather also shut us up in the house and the mud was almost impassable afterwards for at least a day.

Especially disagreeable was a violent rain on Saturday, the 11th, because word had been sent to all the brethren to assemble about four o'clock in the afternoon in the school-house for a thorough discussion of the affairs of the congregation. Fortunately the rain ceased after dinner and we experienced the pleasure of having all appear on time except one who could not get away from home. This resulted in a

regular church council, the first one, which on account of the truly brotherly and loving spirit that seemed to animate all, gave me the keenest pleasure in every respect. I explained to them, as well as I could, what the chief thing with a Moravian congregation was, admonished them to be mindful of the experience of our little church over one hundred years ago on August 13th, and to set aside all troublesome controversies. However, I can attest with pleasure that they show no inclination at all to enter into such controversies, although much of the religious life and interest around them seem principally to consist in this. I called their attention to the character they must exhibit in word and conduct as successors of Christ, in order to approve themselves in their surroundings as a congregation belonging to Him, and gave them the assurance that everything which our limited resources permitted would be done for them by the Provincial Helpers' Conference, which was taking the most gratifying interest in this rising little congregation.

It is plain enough to them that in view of their still small number and the condition in which nearly all of them will be for the next few years, it is not yet possible for them to get a pastor of their own. Therefore, they ask all the more that, at least once a year, preferably at this season, a brother who can administer the holy sacraments may visit them, for instance, from Gnadenhutten, which might be done without great cost. They hope that if they should find an able brother who would be willing to earn a considerable part of his living by teaching school and be willing to put up with the privations of pioneer life, it need not be so very long until they could be provided with one of their own. In the meantime they are well satisfied with the service of Brother Hauser, who seems to possess their confidence and affection in a high degree. At his suggestion, they all agreed to the proposition to choose two brethren to help him—the election to be held annually at the festival—who for the present with him should form a committee and with whom he

should first take counsel about everything to be undertaken, principally about the reception of new members in the little band. There is good prospect of additions among several neighbors from Carolina, and a number of new brethren and sisters expected from Carolina this fall, part of whom have already purchased land. I promised them, as a guide for their future rules, a copy of those of New York and Philadelphia, and they all gave their consent to the rules, well known to them from the Carolinian congregations. In conclusion a number of agreements were made as to how the common obligations and labors could most appropriately be regulated. The candor, frankness, and interest with which every one present took part in these deliberations could not have been more gratifying. I was especially pleased with some sensible young, unmarried people, particularly Brother William Chitty, Martin Hauser's brother-in-law. Feeling exceedingly happy, we betook ourselves home in the evening.

On the following day a large crowd was expected to come to the sermon, even from Columbus, since curiosity had become very great and, among other follies, the rumor had spread that I had all the instrumental music of the Moravians with me which would perform on that occasion. Yet it was decreed otherwise. For during the night there came a fearful rain, which turned toward daybreak into an unusually violent thunderstorm, causing the creeks to rise extraordinarily and covering everything with water and mud—and not only that, but soon after four o'clock we were called out of our sleep by messengers arriving before our house and were horrified by the news that last night, on the ride homeward from Columbus, in the midst of an apparently friendly conversation, Squire Ray had suddenly been stabbed through the heart by the Jones mentioned above, who thus sought to satisfy his revenge. The Squire dropped dead from his horse in the presence of other persons. This was later confirmed

and, as may easily be understood, caused no little disturbance and excitement in the whole region.³³

The sermon had first been announced, as usual, for noon, but I had little hope that it would come to pass at all, as it continued to rain fearfully until nine o'clock. Since it cleared up later on, however, and became quite fair, we betook ourselves through the unfathomable wetness and crossed the long log, not without anxiety on account of the terribly swollen Haw Creek. In due time we reached the schoolhouse, where there was gathered quite a goodly number of men from the neighborhood, although of course no women came. Those living further away, however, were prevented from coming by the weather and the murder. There was of course no Sunday school. Though their minds were pretty much occupied with the occurrence of the night, they listened with encouraging attention and devotion to my sermon on "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid," etc., a discourse which seemed to engage their interest in an unusual manner. So Brother Hauser and other brethren besought me to preach again on the same text when, according to my prom-

³³The altercation in which Ray was stabbed to his death with a clasp knife by Jones occurred on June 11, 1831, about one mile north of Columbus (now near Nineteenth Street). The murderer immediately escaped and Ray's friends made prompt pursuit, following him to Chesterfield in Madison County. His capture was easily effected. Jones was brought to the Columbus jail and indicted for murder by the Grand Jury at the September term, 1831. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be executed on October 31, 1831. The defense moved for a new trial on an appeal to the Supreme Court where the case was reversed. At his second trial during the March term, 1832, Jones again received a verdict of guilty, and the execution was fixed for April 20, 1832. A respite was granted by the Supreme Court to give it time to pass on certain exceptions, and the defendant was remanded for the third trial. In the meantime the sheriff, John F. Jones, had resigned his office for the reputed reason that he did not want to attend to the execution of his namesake, and a new sheriff, John McKinney, was appointed. Considerable delay occurred before the third trial. On account of the insecurity of the jail the prisoner was removed at different times to the adjoining counties of Jennings, Monroe, and Johnson. The result of the third trial during the September term, 1833, was only a repetition of the two prior verdicts of guilty, and the court condemned him to be hanged on Friday, October 11, 1833. Pence, George, *History of Bartholomew County* (still in manuscript form).

ise, I had to make an address on my way back at Jacob Hauser's to the people around there.

A man who was distinguished from the remainder of the audience by his outward appearance, and who had come on horseback, had attracted my notice the entire time. He had lain down on the sisters' side, which was empty. When the closing hymn was ended, during the benediction he placed himself in the door and made himself known as the deputy sheriff. He summoned all the younger men of the audience, one by one, as they passed out, and ordered them with their guns to surround the hiding places of the murderer at once, and to pursue him. I will add here that not until the next Sunday, when I was preaching at Jacob Hauser's, was the unfortunate man brought back as a prisoner to Columbus. He had fled as far as the Indian country, but had been pursued with great zeal, especially by the brothers of the murdered man.

Monday, the 13th, we took dinner at Brother and Sister Clayton's, whence we went to Copeland's, because Sister Copeland, née Polly Gambold, had been confined during the night before Sunday. At their house, with a strong sense of the overshadowing peace of God, in the presence of several of the brethren and sisters, I baptized the new-born child into the death of Jesus.

On the afternoon of the 15th, the brethren and sisters who wished to be confirmed for the Lord's Supper assembled at Martin Hauser's: namely, Daniel Ziegler, father of a large family of dear young daughters, and his wife; Lewis Ried, whose wife does not belong to our church, and who has several grown sons; and young Brother John Essig, who is married. With heartfelt sympathy I explained briefly to them the main contents of the gospel truth and, more fully, everything relating to the partaking of the Lord's Supper. I had the pleasure of their undivided attention and the manifest emotion of their hearts during the almost two-hour exposition.

We gladly complied with the desire of the aged and estimable Friedrich Rothrock to permit him and his wife to

celebrate the festival and the Lord's Supper with us, for which purpose they had travelled here and paid us a long visit on the 16th. He is living about twelve miles from here and belonged to the Lutheran Church of Brother Schober in Carolina. Our anxiety that a concourse of other strangers might molest us at our festival fortunately proved unfounded, although we had agreed, in order to avoid suspicion and evil report, not to turn away any respectable person.

Thus approached the 17th of June which was to close and crown our stay here. Evidently all were eagerly anticipating the day on which it was of unusual importance that the Lord should grant us fine weather, since all families, even with small children, were obliged to spend the whole time in the schoolhouse and in the woods, if they wished to take due part in it. The Lord did indeed grant us such a fine day, and hearing our common prayer, He strengthened me in a conspicuous manner, after I had recovered from a passing, but alarming attack of illness that very morning. Toward half-past eight o'clock, after having nailed up doors and windows, since it was risky to leave the house empty a whole day, all members of the household set out on the way to Goshen. At the appointed hour of nine all of the little congregation, young and old, with the exception of Sister Copeland and her new-born child, had assembled.

I opened the proceedings of the day, conscious of the presence of divine grace among us, with a solemn morning service and prayer. I expressed the grateful sentiments of the little congregation at the fulfillment which the Lord had already granted beyond all hope, of their intention here in the far west to join the Brethren's Unity as a Moravian congregation. I assured them of the blessing and sympathy of all the congregations and encouraged them for the future to set all their hope on the Lord, to let their call and election become fixed by grace, and here and now to make in His name, both individually and as a congregation, the covenant of peace, which could never be taken from them. Amidst an emotional stir

of all hearts, this was then done in the solemn prayer I pronounced in the name of all, and surely with the fervent consent of their hearts. I commended most warmly to His faithful heart this little western congregation in Goshen as a newly rising star in the crown on the head of our union. There was probably no one in this little forest church who did not feel the presence of the Savior among us and who could not also testify to His recognition of Goshen as a future congregation of His.

For a quarter or half an hour we rested in the dark, glorious shade of the deep forest, surprisingly little troubled then by flies and gnats in the lovely weather of the day. Then all assembled for the second time in order to listen to a detailed discourse preparatory to the Lord's Supper, in which, at Brother Hauser's request, I repeated the main contents of my instruction to the candidates for confirmation who were sitting on a bench in front of me. After cordially addressing them, I asked each one of them the four questions, by answering which they solemnly pronounced their confession of faith and their vows of fidelity to the Saviour, to whom they wished to surrender themselves anew this day, in an exceedingly touching manner, before the congregation and, in part, before a considerable number of their own children. Then I confirmed them with a feeling which gripped my heart in an extraordinary manner, and which evidently prevailed also in the congregation, particularly in the candidates themselves. It was significant to me that this was the first confirmation I ever had an opportunity to perform.

It was now noon. We lay down again to rest in the forest shade. In a short time the young men had collected and piled up logs in the shape of an altar which soon flamed up cheerfully. This was used to cook the love feast with which the sisters occupied themselves for the present, while the brethren assembled once more for the election of the two committee members, as previously decided. Almost unanimously the two oldest brethren were elected, Daniel Ziegler and Lewis

Ried, who had just been confirmed. The former especially seems to enjoy the general regard, and he is called Uncle Daniel by everybody in the whole neighborhood.

The white cloth with which the sisters had adorned the table, for which one of them had gladly lent her handsome shawl, was removed for a moment in order that we might eat our refreshing dinner, consisting of cold roast chicken. Until the preparations for the baptism of the children were completed, we then enjoyed ourselves in the forest among the brethren and sisters, among whom there reigned an affection, a simplicity and a joy over this day which was quite animating. It gave pleasure to me and to all to unexpectedly welcome the beloved exhorter of the Methodists in this vicinity, Lewis Rominger, with Friedrich Brendel, an old acquaintance in Carolina, who had just arrived from his home, some distance away—a very earnest Baptist. They could, however, only stay until after the baptism. This now took place and five children were one after another offered by their fathers to the Lord and baptized into His death after I had spoken at some length on the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," etc., because, in view of the many contentions about infant baptism, it seemed needful to set forth distinctly the foundation of our belief and practice.

There followed another short interval until the love feast was entirely ready. With truly blissful sentiments, I walked meanwhile up and down in the shade as far as the dense underbrush permitted, and feasted my eyes upon the most interesting sight of the activity and goodness of the souls assembled here. There were eighty-five souls belonging to the Moravian Church present at this love feast, and in addition, some non-members, wives of brethren. The one hundred cups, ordered in Philadelphia some time ago by Brother Martin through me, and an appropriate bell, had long before arrived safely. They created general joy. The latter was used this day for the first time; it must hang under the roof, however, until it can be securely fastened outside. The love feast, at

which we sang German and English verses and had pleasant and grateful talk with general participation among the brethren and sisters, was a love feast in deed and in truth. I could not help calling the attention of the brethren to the coincidence which also struck my dear Brother Eugene Frueauf, of their choosing the 17th of June for their congregational festival, in memory of the anniversary of the cutting of the first tree for the construction of Herrnhut, when in all my travels I had scarcely found a place anywhere that bore so striking a resemblance to the place in the woods where Christian David struck his axe in the first tree, as this very site of Goshen. The only exception was that here the trees are so much thicker and without the admixture of firs and pines. The brethren were greatly pleased at my reference to this.

Soon the preparations for the Lord's Supper were completed. The communicants sat in a square in front of me; most of the mothers among them necessarily had their youngest children on their arms. All other members of the congregations beyond the age of childhood, as well as the wives who were not members (some of whom appeared to be strongly moved and affected) were permitted to look on at the Lord's Supper. The outward arrangements were very seemly, though plain, and suitable to the circumstances. It must remain unwritten how the presence of His grace revealed itself among us at the first partaking of the flesh and blood of our Saviour in this wilderness. For me and my companion, Brother Frueauf, the impression will never fade. At the close the general emotion and the melting of our hearts into a bond of love and heartfelt union with Him, to whom we vowed ourselves anew, was quite overwhelming. Twenty persons, including ourselves, partook of the Lord's Supper. Thus the celebration of this ever memorable day closed about four o'clock.

After a short stay among the dear souls, we took leave of each one, young and old, who could not come to us again in the evening, as most of them desired to do, and went slowly home full of praise and thanks for the day the Lord had

given us as we reviewed with pleasure the scenes of our more than two-weeks' stay. Even before our last supper at our kind hosts', some brethren and sisters appeared there in order to engage in kindly conversations with us. While I walked silently up and down before the house in the moonlight, the brethren and neighbors arrived in ever greater numbers. I noticed that the young men did not mind bringing the benches from Goshen almost a half mile and across the creek. I was then asked to hold a farewell meeting and evening services with the large number present, for which Martin selected for me a very fitting and beautiful farewell hymn which I had never before heard. This, the seventh discourse of the day—some long, some short—proved quite easy for me, and with prayer, kneeling, formed a beautiful conclusion of my work here. There followed a cordial and sorrowful farewell of all the dear souls, except the members of the household, and then a quiet rest.

Often during this time, and particularly on this day, the whole work of the Lord, which is unfolding here, appeared to me like a fresh, thriving scion grafted from an old stem upon one still in the vigor of youth. This was especially true when I thought of many of these dear souls whom I knew years ago in Carolina as nearly or wholly dead branches. Truly the Lord has caused a mustard seed to germinate which may become a fine tree. May He now also present us with the right man to take care of this most promising work and to keep our dear brethren here in the quiet simplicity in which they evidently now live. May He continue to bestow grace upon Brother Martin Hauser as heretofore, that he may do what he can to keep the little congregation together and to build it up. He appears to me to be an exceedingly loyal brother, caring above everything for the service of the Lord.

Early on the 18th, preparations for our return journey in a little one-horse vehicle were made. After our last breakfast with the dear family and a cordial parting with all the members of the household, we started with Brother Martin on our

way to his brother Jacob's on the Flatrock River. The path was somewhat better and more distinct than the one on which we had come. As we proceeded very slowly, Brother Frueauf walked the entire distance, while I held a long pleasant, important, final conversation with Brother Martin Hauser. Toward noon we arrived at Jacob Hauser's, where preparations were made at once to announce by messengers, who were sent out to the ferries, etc., that I would preach the next day, for through a misunderstanding the earlier announcement had been revoked. This seemed very necessary, since on the preceding Sunday, as related above, the preaching service could not be attended by many people who were eager to hear what the Brethren's belief is amidst the various winds of doctrine which roar in this wilderness. At least our brethren were very anxious for it and I myself thought it important in order to preclude, from the start, many rumors and calumnies.

Sunday, the 19th, was a fine day, though very hot. After breakfast, the Hauser brothers were busy putting up a platform which was to serve as a pulpit for me in the neighboring sugar-maple grove. Soon a suitable number of seats, or benches, of boards and fence rails, were also ready under the shade of these fine trees. By noon, the usual preaching time, a large crowd had arrived by carriage, on horseback, and on foot, from Columbus and the whole vicinity, and camped in the grove. With true concern of heart and fervent prayer to the Lord that He might give me according to His word what was needful, I then preached an hour and a half on the text already mentioned, "Other foundation [can no man lay]." I particularly emphasized that in this passage the apostle taught [us] how to look upon differences in Christian views and the preference of this or that teacher or doctrine, if only saving faith in Jesus Crucified was the foundation. I had the satisfaction of being able to infer from the various utterances of my auditors, some of whom expressed themselves to me at some length, that what was said had been a word in due

season and was well received. Several brethren had also come from Goshen whom we here again bade farewell.

After quite a cheerful dinner and some lively talks at Jacob Hauser's with many of my listeners invited to stay according to the hospitable custom of this country, about four o'clock we started with Martin on our way to Columbus, and arrived in good time. The condition of my chest made it inadvisable to preach again, as I was expected to do. Here I had the unspeakable joy of receiving a letter from my good wife for the first and only time on the whole trip. We went over the letter carefully together. Then came the time for sorrowful parting with dear Martin, whom I shall never forget. He returned the same evening as far as his brother's.

[FROM COLUMBUS, INDIANA, TO GNADENHUTTEN, OHIO]

By this time the stage coach for Madison was finally running. We left on it early on the 20th, at half past three o'clock in the morning, in company with a merchant of this place, who had already traveled with us on the steamer from Wheeling. The multitude of mosquitos at this early hour, particularly in the low places, is inconceivable. They flew into our eyes by thousands and could only halfway be warded off by great effort and by smoke. As far as Brush Creek, mentioned on our way here, the road was as bad as the dexterity of our coachman was admirable, as he guided the coach and four between the holes in the road, and where this was impossible, through the woods. From there on, the effects of the general road repairs which had occurred meanwhile were very noticeable. After breakfasting at Solon, we reached Vernon as early as eleven o'clock. As the road was improved still more from here on, we would have reached Madison in very good time in spite of a violent, but short thunderstorm, had not our new driver made up his mind to walk his horses, even on the last twelve excellent miles, out of resentment at reproaches he had received earlier about one of them which had fallen. In this he did us a very bad turn, for had we arrived at Madison even a half hour earlier we

might have continued our journey at once on a steamer which was just coming up. As it was, it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening before we reached there. The result was a most tedious day at Madison, since no steamer to Cincinnati appeared until the evening of the 21st, except one quite early in the morning, of which we had not been advised. Since it is a long distance from the inn to the place of embarkation, in the afternoon we had our baggage taken to the floating wharf, and spent the afternoon and evening at an inn, where there was an opportunity to watch the steamers approaching from afar. Our patience was sorely tried, for it was midnight before a steamboat approached. We hastened to meet it.

Since the short stop of a steamer is difficult and dangerous—just recently one exploded at Wheeling on such an occasion—one is very thankful, if in this precipitate and reckless rush in the night, one gets safely aboard with his things. We had already boarded the "Volante" and it had started on, when to my dismay I discovered that part of my baggage had been left on the dock. I succeeded in recovering it, however, with the aid of the small boat. I was the only one who found an unoccupied berth in the magnificent cabin of this large steamer. Brother Frueauf and some others had to be satisfied with beds which were made up on the cabin table. The sight of this crowded cabin with fifty odd occupied berths, in which sleeping passengers were thrown up a few inches at every pulse-like vibration, was quite singular. We would not have got much rest if we had not stopped for a few hours at the mouth of the Kentucky River where considerable freight had to be taken aboard.

The ride from Madison to Cincinnati amounts to about one hundred miles, and was on the whole quite pleasant on the day of the 22nd, though from time to time we were bothered by showers. We made an interesting acquaintance with a traveler who had been in Fairfield with Brother Luckenbach only two weeks ago, and had been truly edified by him. Besides, among the numerous passengers there were many who

had just been saved from a steamer which had been wrecked on the Mississippi by a snag. As is customary on the large steamers of the western rivers, there was card playing in a corner of the large cabin almost all day long. Quite a few professional gamblers are said to spend most of their time on the steamers, in order to plunder the inexperienced. Such things, as is well known, are absolutely not tolerated on the northern waters; in general, a strikingly different tone prevails in the whole manner and conversation of the people coming up from the south, particularly from New Orleans.

In the afternoon as we approached Cincinnati, we enjoyed many exceedingly interesting sights, for in this region, both in Kentucky and in Indiana, the houses, large as well as small, are found more frequently on the banks than elsewhere. Rarely, however, did they show to good advantage on account of the exceedingly high bluffs on the river and the level surfaces upon which most of them are situated. About five o'clock we landed safely at Cincinnati and for the time being we took leave of the western steamers, very thankful to have escaped unharmed, since stories of accidents thereon were quite frequent just then.

In accordance with our promise to Captain Schulz of the cavalry, son-in-law of the rich old Mr. Brennan, we drove at once in a livery cab from the large Broadway Hotel, where we stopped, to his family's summer hotel. This was most beautifully located on the river about three miles upstream outside the city. Mr. and Mrs. Schulz, as well as old Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, received us with the greatest kindness and insisted on our staying a couple of days. These were spent principally in the city, where we took in all the sights. Cincinnati is decidedly the largest city in the whole west and at present in every respect a flourishing commercial and manufacturing town. It is advantageously located on a wide level stretch and by means of the splendid, completed Miami Canal, which begins at Dayton, the city enjoys the best connection with the richest and most fertile section of the whole state of Ohio,

which lies between the Great and the Little Miami and is justly called the garden spot of Ohio. In order not to be distracted, I delivered only the most interesting letters of introduction which I had with me and thereby made several very pleasant acquaintances. I was sorry we failed to meet Mr. Thomas Heckenwaelder, the present sheriff of the county, a Bethlehem boy who was born in my present room. However, it was gratifying to learn that he had become an honorable and highly esteemed man. Not a few Germans are residing here, and among them are many demagogic agitators, professors, and the like. Most of the Germans are confectioners or in similar lines of business. Sometimes their musical talents serve as an attraction for their establishments. Their demagogery is generally considered a freak, since nobody in America can understand what merit there is in thinking that which everybody believes as a matter of course. The rapidity with which a magnificent city of 30,000 inhabitants, very much like Philadelphia, has grown up here, at an immense distance from the sea, causes just amazement. I can still well remember the time when this city existed only in design and when the name proposed and adopted for it gave perhaps not an unjust offense to my boyish wisdom as the nominative plural of a masculine name.

On the morning of June 25th, Mr. Schulz gave us the aid of his carriage in proceeding upon our journey. In fine weather, he drove us on a road, mostly good, to Hamilton, a very considerable town on the Miami River, twenty-five miles away, by way of Carthage where an excellent breakfast was served us. He drove, for the most part, near the canal, past his large establishment, consisting of a steam mill and a distillery, and through the continuously rich country, splendidly cultivated, where the barley harvest was just beginning. We stopped over night at Hamilton, and it was his intention to take us the next day to Dayton by way of a Shaker establishment near Miami[s]burg. However, on Sunday, June 26th, such a fearful and incessant rain began that we found it ad-

visable to remain at Hamilton, although the rain and the resulting mud shut us up in the house and made it impossible for us even to attend the remote church. Thus we observed Sunday only by getting bread and butter instead of dinner. However, it was not distinguished on the bill from a regular dinner. As there was little prospect of better weather and since in any case the roads had become very bad, we decided in the evening to continue our journey by the next day's stage coach and took grateful leave of Mr. Schulz.

On the 27th, the rainy weather still continued, but cleared up during the forenoon. When at half past three in the morning we crossed the Miami bridge on the regular stage road and made a few miles, it became apparent from unmistakable signs that the river, which must be recrossed again on this road, was too swollen to make fording practicable. We therefore had to turn back, drive through Hamilton once more, and try to proceed on this side upon roads which, normally bad, were made much worse by the rain. We then traveled through Middletown where we again met our friend, Mr. Zehender, at breakfast; and through Franklin, Miami[s]burg, and Alexanderville, in all of which places many Germans are living, to the very notable and flourishing town of Dayton. Twice we forded creeks which did not seem to be large (ordinarily), but at the time were swollen so much that the water stood several inches deep in our coach. Among our changing traveling companions, we had an opportunity to observe with astonishment how the contemporary interest in religion, so closely akin to that in politics, manifests itself: namely, in outbreaks of the pettiest disputes—which very easily become violent—about Arminian and Calvinistic tenets, etc. Withal it is astonishing how the good people can quote Scripture. A student of the Presbyterian Institute at Oxford absolutely wanted to declare an old gentleman an infidel because he believed that even now miracles might still happen. In short, it is incredible what confusion concerning religious matters is reigning in people's minds. From Dayton to Springfield we

had a courteous and educated company which delightfully shortened the otherwise tedious and very bad road. In the vicinity of Mad River, however, it led through prairies, now transformed into the widest and most fertile pastures. As is well known, the western prairies, whose great stretches, however, begin still further west in the state of Illinois, are immense, treeless, grassgrown, and in part very fertile plains. I had not seen any before, and was delighted not a little with the many interesting plants I observed here.

Further on we met with an accident. The main pole bolt of the coach suddenly broke off in a deep mud hole into which the coach sank. We could alight without difficulty, however. While some of the passengers stayed with the coach and baggage until a new pole bolt could be procured from the next place, others of us walked slowly a few miles ahead, as well as we could in the mud. My companion was the candidate for the Assembly, who was endeavoring to make friends for the next election, and for that purpose he called at the houses here and there. Finally, we came to a stop and were regaled with refreshing milk. Here we awaited the arrival of the coach and now had to ride very slowly in the darkness until ten o'clock before we reached Springfield, the next station. The branch stage line, which we were on, connects here with the main line from Cincinnati. The Cincinnati coach had not yet arrived because it had had the misfortune of losing a horse in the deep water; thus, after a light supper, we had the advantage of a refreshing rest of an hour and a half on a cot.

Soon after the 28th of June had begun, however, we were on the road again and had to cover about thirty-six miles in fog and dampness on a corduroy road, which for the most part is very bad. We did not pass through any town, but through botanically curious plains or half-prairies, as they are called, remarkable from a botanical point of view, which when it grew daylight greatly engaged my attention. Besides some very badly swollen creeks had to be forded. After a

poor breakfast we approached Columbus, the capital of the state of Ohio, on the Scioto, where there was again extraordinarily fertile and well-cultivated land. This town is already very important because it is the seat of government. We should have liked to have got something to eat at the magnificent hotel where we stopped at noon tide; but before it was ready, we had to obey the call to the coach again, as terribly black thunderclouds were gathering. After a long roundabout way, just when we were crossing a greatly swollen stream with much difficulty, the storm burst with such a downpour as I have rarely seen. Fortunately it did not last long; on the long, tedious further ride we only had to suffer from the corduroy road which had become still worse from the rain and from hunger which was at last tolerably appeased at a miserable hovel about four o'clock. Toward evening we got unexpectedly on a good road again at the nice little town of Granville on the Licking River, and into a beautiful region which, however, was soon concealed by darkness. Soon after nine o'clock, however, we safely arrived at the destination of this our 166-mile coach journey, the town of Newark, on that part of the great Ohio Canal which has already been completed. Here we could rest again in excellent beds after a ride of forty-one hours. It seemed encouraging for the complete restoration of my health that I could withstand such a trip with so little fatigue.

We had to remain, in delightful weather, at Newark all day long on the 29th, because no comfortable canal boat, such as we wished, left in the direction of Gnadenhuetten, fifty odd miles distant, till the 30th, at about nine o'clock. These canal boats, four of which usually come and go daily, are very spacious, and at present those going to Lake Erie are heavily loaded with flour for the New York market. At their prow they are provided with very comfortable and usually beautifully decorated cabins, in which ten or twelve passengers find respectable accommodations and good board at two and a half cents a mile. They are drawn by two horses and, including

the stops at the numerous locks, make about three or four miles an hour.

The first day's ride through country which in parts was very fertile was very pleasant. Once we passed a magnificent cornfield of 150 acres—an acre often yields one hundred bushels. In the afternoon the canal descended into the bed of the Licking River, where there are very romantic banks for about six miles, and some coniferous trees, the only ones we noticed in the West. Before dark, we reached the two-mile branch canal which leads to Dresden, a town of some size on the Muskingum, and soon afterwards we rode along the side of this river. As far as the Licking, our ride through the locks was descending. From there on, where we left its bed again, the canal is fed by the water of the Tuscarawas, which we usually incorrectly call the Muskingum. The river receives this name only after its juncture with the Walhonding at Coshocton. Consequently one ascends through the locks toward Gnadenhuetten. At present this enterprise, the benefit and usefulness of which for this section of the country is quite obvious, is only completed and in operation from Cleveland on Lake Erie to Hebron, eight miles below Newark. In the course of this year, the canal will, in all probability, be completed as far as Chillicothe and in the next, reach the Ohio. An immeasurable tract of the most fertile country, which up to the present has had no sale for its products, will thereby immediately obtain a desirable market. Even now the results everywhere manifested are incredible. The condition of the inhabitants about Gnadenhuetten, particularly, has greatly changed for the better this last year, and it now only takes industry to make a secure livelihood, even though such extravagant prices as have been obtained for wheat this year—almost as much as at Bethlehem—cannot last. At fifty cents a bushel, however, these productive fields can be tilled at not a little profit.

During the night, while we were resting in comfortable berths, we passed, without being aware of it, the great acque-

duct which carries the canal over the Walhonding at Coshcotton, the former Gosachguenk of missionary history. On the morning of July 1st, the pleasure of our ride was oftentimes curtailed by showers; yet we could be on deck most of the time. We now passed the insignificant [village of] New Comerstown and came to the former Society land, and for the first time to regions where I had been before. A new little town on the canal, Salebury, is arising on the former Salem or lower tract. From there on, I partly remembered the surroundings. We were told that the lock where one lands for Gnadenhuetten was a mile and a half from the town; this is certainly a great handicap for the use of the canal, because the Tuscarawas River flows between the community and the landing place and cuts it off from the canal. Nevertheless, Brothers Demuth and Wuensch have built a storehouse at the lock, and Brother Huber, who emigrated from Switzerland some years ago, has built a cigar manufactory.

[THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AT GNADENHUETTEN, OHIO]

I was somewhat at a loss as to how we should get to Gnadenhuetten with our baggage and quite uncertain as to whether or not we were expected. It was therefore the more gratifying to learn at Brother Huber's that it was taken for granted that we would arrive this very day and that our coming would cause great rejoicing. We stopped at his house with our baggage, and he hastened over the river—it was about noon—to tell of our arrival to Sam Huebner, who intended to fetch us over the river with his one-horse vehicle. In a little while he himself came across and welcomed us most heartily; he came on foot, however, because the river was too high to ford and there was no other ferry than a small bateau.³⁴ Since the rain had ceased, we were glad to go with him on foot—our baggage being sent after us—to Gnadenhuetten, where eight years ago I spent four interesting weeks at the time of our negotiation with Governor Cass,

³⁴A bateau was a small flat-bottomed boat.

which produced such beneficent results for the Society for the Heathen, for our Indians, and especially for this whole region. For without personal observation nobody can fully comprehend the disadvantage which a large unsaleable tract of good land—such as the 12,000 acres which belongs to the Society—carries with it out in this western country. This is due to the poor population which is attracted by merely leaseable land, and to the inevitable obstacles in the way of all improvements on unsaleable territory. Only the most unlimited, free power of disposal of landed property is consistent with the kind of prosperity demanded by these regions. It should not be wondered at, therefore, that all reservations of this kind are everywhere viewed askance in the vicinity. This is the case, also, with our Erie land, where, however, there is fortunately no legal obstacle to prevent changing the conditions as soon as we wish.

It is quite comprehensible, indeed, why, during the nineties, people acted just as they did in regard to the so-called Muskingum Society land, when no experience could give enlightenment on all these matters. Now it is known that nothing more certainly foredoomed to failure could have been tried. Now there is no one, at least no one who knows the nature of the new states, who could commit the formerly widespread folly of investing capital in uncultivated land, be it ever so fertile, which is allowed to lie uncultivated in the expectation that the increased price after thirty years or more would yield rich compensation and profit. Among others, it cost the late Brother Cunow almost his entire fortune. The price does not rise at all perceptibly without cultivation, for even in spite of the present good prospects on account of the canal, no more can be obtained than thirty years ago for wild land, no matter how good, while a properly improved plantation has a sixfold value. The great cost of cultivation, the worthlessness of the wood, and the quantity of wild land still inexhaustible for a long time to come furnish a sufficient explanation.

However, I return to our arrival at Gnadenhuetten, where we were taken in the bateau by the youngest son of David Peter, an excellent old friend whom we greeted in passing. We got the kindest and most hospitable reception from our dear Brother and Sister Huebner in their pretty, new, up-to-date house, for which the former one-story cabin-like structure, in which I once spent four weeks at Rauschenberger's, now serves as a kitchen. The rest of the little town also, though small and containing, apart from the quite appropriate church, only ten or twelve houses in all, has gained much in appearance by Demuth's well-appointed inn and the still uncompleted, two-story brick house of Brother David Peter.

On account of the rareness of a visit and the general rejoicing of the brethren, I realized at once that I must spend two Sundays in these parts in order to preach at Sharon and in order to do as much visiting here as was feasible. This was partly the reason that I was induced to abandon my intention of going on the canal to Lake Erie and thence by way of Niagara into the New York canal, for it threatened to take too much time and money. To be sure, it would not have taken much longer time for the journey itself, although it would have been more than twice as far as by way of Pittsburgh, but a considerably longer stay at several places would have been unavoidable.

As early as July 2nd, we had the pleasure of receiving a very agreeable visit from Brother Jacob Blickensdoerfer, of Dover, a man as sensible and esteemed as any in the whole state, and a worthy member of the Sharon committee, with whom I have been in friendly relations for some time. He stayed all day with us and accompanied us to Sharon on Sunday, the third. As is well known, it is scarcely possible to drive here a couple of miles without having to cross the river. This day, however, we could ford it quite well with Brother Huebner's one-horse vehicle. As it was fine weather, a very large congregation had assembled about the little church, and I greeted with pleasure the members whom I knew. In a short

address to the congregation I conveyed to them the heartiest greetings of the Provincial Helpers' Conference, and told them something of my visit in Indiana and of the rising little congregation there in order to enlist their sympathy for it. I then preached in the German language with heartfelt sincerity. We dined at noon at John Blickensdoerfer's and spent a very pleasant afternoon there, in the company of many brethren. After several other short visits we drove back to Gnadenhuetten toward evening.

During a great part of the following week, our enjoyment was rather curtailed by continuous, and in part heavy, rains. Besides, first Brother Frueauf and then I myself was somewhat afflicted with diarrhoea and nausea, which soon abated, however. On Thursday, in spite of the bad weather, Brother Frueauf rode, by way of the old mission place of Goshen, where he visited the grave of the late Brother Zeisberger, to Dover to Brother Jacob Blickensdoerfer's. This mission house was burnt a short while ago through the negligence of the wretched Teichmann, of Christiansfeld, to whom it had just been sold. Unfortunately the rain and my ailment frustrated our driving there together and thence to Zoar to visit the remarkable and very flourishing settlement, under the leadership of Baeumler, of the Wuerttembergers, who have an institutional organization. Brother Frueauf, however, together with Blickensdoerfer, paid a visit there to Baeumler's great delight, as I had done eight years ago. Besides taking as many botanical walks with Brother Huebner as the weather permitted, I called meanwhile at the homes of all the Gnadenhuetten brethren. I also had a long business call from Brother Boas Walton, my agent, on the matter of the mission land and the Cunow property of which I am executor. The measures taken, thank God, have been successful so far, so that this whole matter is being settled and almost half the fortune invested will be saved for Brother Cunow's widow after all. I was also so fortunate as to sell a good piece of the mission land again.

Saturday afternoon Brother Frueauf came back. The weather finally cleared up to the delight of everybody, since the rain threatened to endanger the fine crops. However, it grew extraordinarily cold for the season. However, the weather was favorable for an exceedingly large attendance at the Sunday sermon at Gnadenhuetten on July 10th, when I first conveyed cordial greetings to this congregation, also. I then opened my heart to them on the text, "Little children abide in Him,"³⁵ with a feeling that I should....³⁶ probably never preach to them again. After a hasty dinner we went to Dover with Brother and Sister Huebner and their entire family, and Sister Peter, who were invited with us to Blickensdoerfer's. We were accompanied by most of the inhabitants of Gnadenhuetten, young and old, across the river to the lock where we intended to await a boat going up the canal.

[FROM GNADENHUETTEN TO BETHLEHEM]

In this large and happy company, our almost endless wait did not become irksome. A descending boat, loaded with ninety German emigrants, passed by and gave much pleasure to the young folks of Gnadenhuetten who rode a short distance on it. We were surprised to hear from the emigrants that this was only the eighth Sunday since their departure from Europe; so fast had they come across the ocean, up the North River,³⁷ the New York Canal, Lake Erie, and the Ohio Canal to this remote region. It is indeed remarkable how much this cheap, inland navigation diminishes distances and promotes the settling of emigrants. When the sun was about to set, we bade farewell to our dear Gnadenhuetten people. After they went home, our company waited in vain for a boat in the penetrating cold until after nine o'clock.

We were just thinking of making arrangements to spend the night at the Hubers', good people but poor, when fortunately a boat appeared. We boarded it and found quite toler-

³⁵I John 2:28.

³⁶Text defective.

³⁷Hudson River.

able accommodations. In spite of the cold night, we stayed up to view by starlight the somewhat precarious passage around steep Mount Esra, just opposite Gnadenhuetten, and then tried to get some rest in the beds which had been made up meanwhile. We would have succeeded, if from time to time some thirty barrels of flour which were on deck had not been rolled to and fro the whole length of the boat above our heads. An inquiry revealed that this was done in order to float the boat, which had run aground in a shallow place. After a few hours the efforts were successful, and the episode had this advantage that we were able to spend the whole night aboard quietly and to arrive at Blickensdoerfers' at a suitable hour, instead of arriving in the middle of the night, for the distance was only fourteen miles.

Brother and Sister Blickensdoerfer received us with great love and kindness and we spent a pleasant day with them in the thriving little commercial town of Dover, whose existence has brought the neighboring New Philadelphia, three miles beyond the river, to a complete standstill. We botanized a great deal in the wide, fertile prairies, plains overgrown with quite low bushes scarcely four feet high. We also received much important and instructive information from Brother Blickensdoerfer, who serves as judge and possesses an uncommonly extensive knowledge of the whole district. He carries on a considerable commission business on the canal, and at the same time he is chief collector of revenue for it.

On Tuesday, the 12th, he helped us continue our journey and with Brother Huebner accompanied us on our departure before sunrise to New Philadelphia. Here after taking friendly leave of them, we boarded the stage coach for Steubenville, which, I am sorry to say, was not as comfortable as the preceding ones. For the first eight miles we surely yearned for a comfortable coach for the road was the worst and the roughest yet encountered. The weather was pleasant. From Leesburg, where we had breakfast, to our night's stopping place, Annapolis, formerly called Salem, which we reached very

early, the road was better and quite pleasant. This whole part of the state of Ohio consists of an uninterrupted succession of high hills, which have in part very good land, however, and are cultivated in an amazing way. I observed with pleasure the increase of cultivation during the past eight years, and could not cease wondering at the relatively small quantity of forest through which we passed, reflecting that fifty years ago there was not a field in this wide tract.

Early on the 13th, we continued our journey through even more cultivated and hilly country. About nine o'clock in the forenoon we descended from Richmond on the summit of the high hills which skirt the river everywhere and arrived at the important manufacturing town of Steubenville on the Ohio. We had already learned at Annapolis that we could not proceed to Pittsburgh this day, as we had hoped, for the Pittsburgh coach leaves very early in the morning. We therefore had to wait until the next morning, since we did not feel like going by steamer. There was no lack of entertainment and in the evening when the heat, and also a toothache with which I suffered, abated, we saw the town thoroughly. In the ensuing night I noticed for the first time again traces of a cough, without surmising, however, that within a week after my return it would again become so violent and tight as to threaten to deprive me of any benefit from my journey. This was unfortunately the case, although during the rest of the journey I felt perfectly well and cheerful.

After proceeding two miles on this side on our way to Pittsburgh, we took the ferry across the Ohio which, in this morning hour, was covered with such a dense fog that it was impossible to see a ferry's length ahead. Then we traveled through the thin strip of the state of Virginia which stretches between the river and Pennsylvania, until we reached Cross Roads in Pennsylvania. Here we had an excellent breakfast and then proceeded very fast on good roads in a very comfortable coach, in spite of the continuous hills over which we traveled. Through a deep, long valley we finally

arrived again about noon at the Ohio, and had before us a short distance, wrapped in clouds of smoke, the great, populous and remarkable city of Pittsburgh, the first in America in productive factories of all kinds—especially iron, glass, cloth, and cotton goods. It is wonderfully situated in the fork of the two great streams, the Allegheny and the Monongahela, which from here on form the Ohio, with indescribably beautiful surroundings and with gigantic bridges over these two rivers. Instead of following the turnpike up the Monongahela to the bridge, the coach drove directly on the immense steam-ferry which, in incredibly short time, landed us in the city just where the rivers meet, and so we arrived at the inn, very near the remnants of the fort [built] there against the Indians, formerly so important but long since abandoned.

It is difficult to drive through the streets because everywhere wrecking and new construction is going on, which here in Pittsburgh far exceeded anything seen before. The indescribable activity and the effects of the spirit of unlimited enterprise, astonishing everywhere in America, but especially so in the west, acquire in this wealthy city an especial character, because here, more than anywhere else, they bear the marks of solidity. On the neck of land on which Pittsburgh proper stands, cut off at the back by Grant's Hill, there is scarcely a spot that is not covered with houses. And since the great Pennsylvania Canal has been brought down into the Monongahela River by a cut clear through Grant's Hill and then by locks, this high hill itself has been entirely covered with houses, for the cut has been converted into a tunnel or underground canal by a vaulted cover and by filling in. The canal comes down on the other side of the Allegheny River into the wonderfully beautiful, new town of Allegheny which has arisen at the place where it meets the river and which is included in the 26,000 population attributed to Pittsburgh. Quite against the interests of the state, and solely for the benefit of the Old Pittsburgh, the canal at reckless and unnecessary ex-

pense is brought across the Allegheny River in an enormous aqueduct above the bridge, costing more than \$1,000,000.

After we learned that we could hope to get as far as Reading on our homeward journey advantageously on the so-called northern route in three and one-half days, and still expect some hours of sleep every day, we decided to take this new way on Sunday, the seventeenth. We then resolved to use one of the intervening days for an excursion to the most remarkable settlement of the famous Mr. Rapp in Economy, ten miles distant;³⁸ and on the other, to see the sights of Pittsburgh more in detail. Accordingly, on the morning of the 15th, we started for Economy in a livery cab on a very interesting road, which kept descending close to the Ohio, and offered the most glorious views and scenery. We reached this very unique place about nine o'clock. The immense fields and meadows in the finest state of cultivation and covered with whole armies of Economists ploughing, mowing, and hay-making together arouse astonishment which becomes even greater when one reaches the pleasant town laid out in squares and containing about 150 two-story, half brick and half framework, whitewashed private houses, exactly alike; besides several very large factories and other public buildings, a beautiful church, and the houses which serve for Mr. Rapp's own residence. One peculiarity of the private houses is conspicuous; namely, that no doors open into the street, but the entrance is always on the side through the yard. The dress of the people is plain, but suitable. Their whole appearance, especially that of the women who were hay-making together, irresistibly called up recollections of my earliest childhood

³⁸This is the settlement developed by George Rapp and his followers, as described later, after they sold New Harmony, on the Wabash in the present Posey County, to Robert Owen, and left Indiana in 1824. For the Rappites at Harmony and for the development of New Harmony, see Lockwood, George B., *The New Harmony Movement* (New York, 1905). On the Rappites at Economy, see Bouswan, Joseph, *History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania*, vol. II, pp. 1004-35 (1904), and Williams, Aaron, *Harmony Society at Economy, Pennsylvania* (Pittsburgh, 1866).

when I was accustomed to see something quite similar at Bethlehem and especially at Gnadenthal. All wear broad brimmed, but quite good looking straw hats. If one considers that only seven years ago Rapp commenced here anew, after selling a very similar establishment on the Wabash, New Harmony, on account of the unhealthiness of the region, just as he had already previously sold Old Harmony in this present vicinity because his people were becoming alienated from him there, one must marvel at the success of the joint efforts which are most prudently directed from one center. The more than one thousand acres of fields in a perfect state of cultivation, which were still forests seven years ago, and the numerous buildings of every kind give no small idea of it.

As I had with me several recommendations to old Mr. Rapp himself, and spoke of this right away in the well-appointed and spacious inn, they were taken from me and carried to his house while we were breakfasting. Everybody speaks German and an external similarity to a German community is indeed apparent, especially at the inn and in the conduct of the persons employed there. It seems that the good people are forming families now, for although only few children and very few young people were seen in proportion to the whole number of over eight hundred inhabitants, they were not entirely lacking. Not without a secret smile I noticed that the information we received on such matters from the landlord and waiter bore distinctly the traces of a familiar sort of reticence, talkative and inquisitive as they were in all other matters with us, as Germans. It was evidently no more agreeable to them than, for example, it is with us when strangers ask about the marriage-lot and such things.

We had to wait a rather long time until we were introduced to the old gentleman because he was inspecting the fields. At length we were taken to his magnificently furnished, papered, and carpeted apartments and were most kindly received first by his adopted son, Frederick Rapp, and then by the aged man himself, very striking with his long silver

hair. Our conversation was long and varied since the visit of members of the Moravian brotherhood seemed to interest him very much. Among other things, he dilated on Count Zinzendorf as a very great man who had also had the joy of seeing his extensive enterprises succeed so beautifully—that I was his great-grandson was of course a matter of interest to him also. At a remark of mine which he seemed to interpret as aiming at a comparison between our condition and that of his establishment, he undertook to explain in his stentorian voice that the difference consisted in the lack of obedience—which in America does not outlast the second generation—and obedience alone made the success of such enterprises possible. I should have liked exceedingly to get into a more detailed conversation with this obviously shrewd man, and should have asked him many a question which would probably have given me more light on the whole matter. My knowledge of our own former circumstances, especially in external matters, would have enabled me to do so, but the time of our acquaintance was too short for it. Only one thing struck me: judging from all he let fall, there appeared to exist absolutely no real, religious foundation of the association, still less a Christian purpose, but all tended only to the *bene esse*. Yet Rapp is the preacher and the society rightly honors him as its father and supporter. He rules absolutely, however, and does not even seem to wield the staff of leniency on any favored ones; at least he speaks in a rough and commanding tone with everybody.

He offered us several kinds of wines which he made here and on the Wabash, some of which were good but by no means comparable to the wine of our Bethlehem vineyards. He then took us completely through his large garden, stocked with the finest kinds of fruit and various sorts of plants and flowers, and at the same time given a half-way park effect, adorned here and there with pavilions and statues and the like in rather baroque style. He showed us a peculiar group of cottages on an artificial hill where music is given at eve-

ning time, and the people lie down round about. He also had a dish of excellent cherries, morellos, picked for us, which we then ate in the house amid further conversation. Thereupon he excused himself on account of business and regretted that he could not keep us for dinner. His son took us around further, especially to the museum. This is a large building with a gambrel roof which looks very much like the "Gemeinhaus" at Herrnhut. It is under the supervision of Dr. Mueller who in former years made himself useful as a botanist and still speaks enthusiastically of that science and of music. He is director and also composer for them. He knew me by name and received me with great joy and love, showing us first the museum which is arranged in three large halls. It consists of stuffed animals, birds, and all possible objects of nature and art, accumulated without any taste, however, and still less scientific order; it contains nothing particularly remarkable. Many pictures and paintings also hang there. I was therefore the more delighted, as dinner approached, with Dr. Mueller's offer to show me when it was over the herbarium which is quite significant and principally collected along the Wabash, while Brother Frueauf was shown around in the church and elsewhere by the ordinary visitors' guide. The herbarium gave me great pleasure and yielded me many plants, as well as the acquaintance—bearing similar good fruit—with a Pittsburgh apothecary who also happened to be there and, introducing himself as a botanist, invited me to his house. We started on our way back, after four o'clock, quite happy over this visit. All day long the weather was clear, but so cold that one could comfortably wear an overcoat. The ride back through the romantic region was glorious. In the seven-mile Narrows, the river hills, mostly perpendicular rocks, came so close to the river that there is scarcely space for the road. At sunset nothing is more beautiful than the immediate environs of Pittsburgh.

We spent Saturday in a pleasant manner, seeing the notable sights of the city in the gracious company of Mr. Darling-

ton, one of the gentlemen to whom I was recommended. The fearful rains of the past week had caused such floods in this region that the Pennsylvania Canal, constructed very badly here as everywhere and with the greatest waste of money, had suffered a very material damage. Among other things the main dam at the Kiskiminitas which furnishes it its water has been almost entirely washed away, so that it has gone dry at present. The navigation, which was already very considerable, will probably be hampered for the whole year. This, however, did not prevent us from thoroughly examining the tunnel and aqueduct on the canal, as well as a very interesting and extensive iron works where, in a so-called rolling mill, pig-iron is drawn into bars with admirable rapidity.

Early on the 17th, we left Pittsburgh in clear weather on the so-called northern route, which does not branch off from the southern turnpike, however, till Wilkinsburg. We traveled in a comfortable coach which fortunately was not overcrowded with passengers on the whole journey, for this is especially annoying in hot weather, as we had occasion to observe for example at the breakfast place where we arrived at the same time as the passengers on the Philadelphia coach. They were fourteen in number, and no wonder that several appeared to be quite exhausted. Just where the two roads part, in the environs of Turtle Creek which consist of high steep defiles, lies the battlefield, noteworthy in American history, where the British General Braddock was vanquished in 1775 by the Indians and French, and the remnants of his army were saved by Washington. Later on we found, to be sure, a good road and excellent views, but an almost uninterrupted, steep mountain ascent and descent, until we crossed the Loyalhannah, quite an important river, and approached the town of Blairsville, which has grown up like a mushroom on the canal, on the still larger Conemaugh River. Here there appeared fearful traces of the devastation wrought everywhere by the waters. Among other things, a high mill-dam over which the turnpike passes was half washed away, so that we had to

take a long roundabout way before we got on the pike again. Blairsville, where we took dinner, is one of those quick births—perhaps also a miscarriage—of the spirit of speculation and enterprise, which probably can be found only in this country. On a spot where only four years ago there stood no buildings at all, several hundred elegant brick houses, some very large, now form an apparently fine town which has grown up as if by a stroke of magic. Where the enterprise is based upon an erroneous calculation, as it seems to be in this case, just as quick a decay must be expected, traces of which are not yet visible, to be sure, but which are said to have already commenced. From here on we were always near the large Western Pennsylvania Canal which, however, is not completed much farther than here. A railroad, upon which work is just commencing, connects the western canal at Blair's Gap in the Allegheny Mountains with the eastern canal down the Juniata and Susquehannah. The freight charges from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh will indeed be much reduced by this line of communication. Even now it amounts only to \$1.50 per hundred-weight, although long stretches of the canal cannot yet be used for navigation. Earlier than I had expected, we arrived at our night quarters, the pretty little town of Armagh, and could still enjoy four to five hours of rest before resuming our journey on the 18th.

We now gradually approached the mountains proper, although there was nowhere a long, much less a steep mountain. On the contrary our road passed frequently through beautiful valleys grown with spruce forests. The overcast sky too soon changed into rain, in the midst of which we had the pleasure of meeting an old acquaintance from Bethlehem, Mr. Welsh. He is at present chief engineer of the canal in this region—as he had been with our canal—and was on his way to examine the damage the enterprise had suffered. Another Bethlehem acquaintance, Mr. Roberts, a young engineer, kept us very pleasant company in the coach from Ebensburg on, which is the county seat of Cambria County. As it was raining

hard, this gave us [our only] opportunity to obtain very satisfactory information on the location of the railroad which we passed and on the whole situation.

Through the darkest and finest spruce forests, we reached almost unnoticeably the crest of the Allegheny Mountains in Blair's Gap. Now one descends uninterruptedly for several miles along the little mountain stream which, at the little towns of Hollidaysburg and Franktown, forms the Juniata. From here on the Eastern Pennsylvania Canal, for the most part already completed, runs a short distance from the road, which descends continuously in the indescribably romantic valley of the Juniata to the Susquehannah above Harrisburg. Only here and there, where the river hills come too close to the bank, did the road again cross the mountains, so that it can truthfully be said that on this route the otherwise wearisome passage over the many successive ridges of the Allegheny Mountains is hardly noticed. Only the fact that it is still necessary several times to ford the Juniata, which gradually grows into a large river, and that there may be long delays at a sudden rise of the water, explains that the numerous freight conveyances prefer to go to Pittsburgh by way of Bedford. Almost everywhere, however, the construction of bridges is in progress.

Soon after sunset, we came to the important town of Huntington and after supper had an opportunity to sleep until one o'clock, which rested me completely. At this early hour, on the 19th, we commenced our further journey to Harrisburg, by way of Waynesburg, Lewiston, Mifflin, and Thompsontown, a distance of almost one hundred miles. It was due to the dark, early hours that we noticed little of the awe-inspiring precipices along which the road ran. When it became light and the weather proved fine we enjoyed without interruption splendid (at times, exquisite) views in the charming Juniata Valley, through which we drove very fast, for with few exceptions, the road was very fine. At the mouth of the Juniata, in the gigantic Susquehannah River,

there is forming a large and extraordinarily fertile island. We finally crossed this Susquehanna River on a fearfully long bridge, where Clark's Ferry formerly ran. We went at a great speed along its most remarkable banks for fourteen miles to the capital of Pennsylvania, all the while admiring the group of islands and rock reefs which give such a peculiar and remarkable appearance to this river, at places a mile and a half wide. A river of such magnitude, which is nowhere really navigable, not even at its mouth, is perhaps not to be found anywhere else. Here, if anywhere, a canal is a commercial necessity. The Pennsylvania Canal along which one descends appears to be really well made in this region. It was probably about eight o'clock when we arrived at Harrisburg. Consequently we could rest only a couple of hours as we had to continue our journey on the 20th at one o'clock in the morning.

The road was excellent from now on. We had breakfast at Lebanon, after a ride of about six hours on an empty stomach—a method of traveling which we did not find at all uncomfortable. After proceeding quickly through the fertile fields of Lebanon and Berks County, we arrived at Reading as early as eleven o'clock in the forenoon and spent the remainder of the day quite pleasantly there. From a newspaper which we got here we learned with the utmost sorrow of the decease of our worthy old Brother Jacob van Vleck whom I had left without much hope of again finding him here below.

Full of longing for our beloved home and our dear ones, we boarded the coach for Bethlehem early on the 21st, for the last time, in fine clear weather. Breakfast was taken at Kultstown, and to our impatient disappointment we stopped unusually long for dinner at Allenstown. Nevertheless this gave us an opportunity to call on John Rice there and to assure ourselves of the wellbeing of our people from whom we had not heard directly since June 1st. At about three o'clock we arrived safely at our dear Bethlehem, full of thanks

and praise, and were welcomed with joy by everybody. We ourselves were filled with delight at meeting all our dear ones again. I hopefully trust that the Lord will not let the beneficent results of my journey which have been lessened by the new attack of my cough wholly vanish.

We have traveled twenty-one hundred miles (English; four hundred and fifty German miles) on this journey.

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